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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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FIENDISH CRIME AT EAST OLEAN.

Two Negroes Assault Two Women in Most Horrible Manner.

THE SUSPECTS HAVE BEEN JAILED.

Awakened By a Draught and Noise of Burglars the Women Fight the Colored Brutes.

One of the most fiendish crimes ever committed in this vicinity occurred Tuesday night in East Olean, when two colored men, named as the Albert Maybee and Frank Williams, broke into the store of Franklin Acocks, and then after going through the store committed an assault on Mrs. Acocks and her sister, Miss Grace Rice, finally setting the house on fire.

The condensed story as told by Miss Rice is as follows: About midnight she was awakened by a noise in the front part of the house which is used as a grocery. She aroused Mrs. Acocks who was sleeping in an adjoining room with her three-weeks-old baby. The negro then entered the living apartments, put out the lights and covered an open gas stove with a blanket and attacked Miss Rice. Her sister came to her aid, and an awful fight ensued. During the terrible fight for life and honor the sisters got separated and when Miss Rice finally broke away from her assailant she could not find her sister but picked up the infant and ran to the home of her grandfather, about a quarter of a mile away.

They were soon aroused and with a lantern the male members of the household came back to search for Mrs. Acocks. They found her in a field near the house nearly unconscious, where the stocky negro had dragged her and assaulted her, after Miss Grace had shaken him off. Every time she made an outcry the negro choked her, her throat plainly showing the imprint of the man's finger nails.

Both women were a sorry sight to behold yesterday. Mrs. Acock's face is swollen nearly twice its natural size and her arms, face and head are a mass of black and blue spots. Miss Rice has a very sore head, one of the negroes having broken a board over it, and her face is all scratched up. Her burns are, however, giving her the most pain. Both women are under the care of a physician.

Maybee and Williams are now in the Little Valley jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Franklin Acocks, the husband of the woman who was so brutally treated by the negroes, is now on his way to Panama, he having recently secured a position as foreman on the canal job from the government.

BURGLARY AT HAZELHURST.

Postoffice Entered, Safe Taken Out and Plundered of its Contents.

Early Monday morning the postoffice at Hazelhurst was broken into and robbed of all money and valuable books and papers amounting to about $600. About $250 of this amount was in cash and stamps and the balance was in checks, etc., which will be of no value to the burglars. It was one of the boldest robberies ever committed in the county and it is a mystery how they managed to get away with the plunder.

The burglars first broke into the depot and took a baggage truck which they wheeled up to the postoffice. The next move was to break open the front door, roll out the safe which weighed 1,200 pounds, laid it onto the truck and wheeled it up Main street about 100 feet to the corner and down the side street below the depot, where it was blown open with a charge of dynamite which aroused many people, and made away with the contents.

The safe was blown open about 4 o'clock in the morning. Postmaster Orcutt, who lives just across the street from his office, heard the report and looking out of the window saw the men taking the safe down the street but did not suspect that robbery was being committed. Others heard the explosion and saw four men coming from that direction but the burglars got away without being molested, and there is no clue to their identity.

Monday afternoon the books, money order blanks and numerous papers were found in an old building some distance west of Hazelhurst.

The same day a man attempted to send about $600 by express from Mt. Jewett to a bank in Susquehanna and as he looked a little suspicious was promptly arrested. However it did not take him long to prove that he was an honest citizen and a contractor for a nearby chemical company? He was released with profuse apologies on the part of the over diligent officer.

Boss washing machines are the standard, we sell them under a positive guarantee. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Water was let into the main pipe from the dam on Monday, August 21, 1881, at 26 minutes to 10 a. m., and did not make an appearance at this end until 9 minutes of 7 p. m., making the run of two and three-fourths miles in exactly nine hours and seventeen minutes. From the limited amount of water which passed through the pipe it was conjectured that something besides air obstructed the flow, and by dint of tapping and much hard work and speculation it was ascertained that stones and sticks had found a way into the pipe. The locality of the difficulty was about 70 rods east of the head, and by cutting the pipe at that point the obstructions were removed and Smethport now has as pure and sweet water as the world can produce. The quantity, too, is unlimited.

Mr. Wm. F. Specht this morning (Aug. 25, 1881) left for Angelica, N. Y. Will left a box of cigars to be opened for the "boys" after he got out of town. He will make an exemplary husband.

Tuesday evening (May 18, 1881) an accident happened at the opera house which might have been a disastrous blow to Smethport, only for the coolness and promptness of a few of the attendants at the fair. The large and handsome chandelier, holding some sixteen lamps, fell to the floor, smashing the lamps and setting fire to the oil. It was a miraculous escape for the opera house indeed. The weight of the chandelier was so great it would not turn on the swivel. It being customary to turn it around when lighting the lamps, but unscrewed where it was connected above the ceiling, thus letting the massive iron ornament fall to the floor crushing it to pieces. Luckily there were very few people in attendance at the time. It was in the early part of the evening or the affair might have terminated more seriously. Father Smith and Father Gallagher were somewhat disturbed as they were standing very near the center of the hall when the chandelier fell.

Mr. W. L. Alexander met with a serious accident on Wednesday, May 11, 1881. While engaged in placing the steps in front of the court house the scaffolding fell upon his leg driving a sliver into it just below the knee, which had to be cut out. Fears were apprehended for a time that the limb would have to be amputated, but just now he seems to be slightly improving and possibly may recover the use of that useful member of the anatomy.

Died at Coryville, May 18, 1881, of scarlet fever, Isabella, daughter of J. C. and Henriette Saul, aged two years and eight months.

This is the third and last child that has died within a short time of those fatal diseases—diphtheria and scarlet fever.

At the same place and same day of scarlet fever and diphtheria, Warley G., aged about four years, son of J. T. and Charity Kent, after several weeks lingering in great misery, losing both sight and hearing from the effects of the disease some days before death relieved him of his sufferings. He often requested his parents to have a light lit because it was so dark, not realizing his sad situation.

Died.—In East Smethport, on the 6th day of May, 1881, Maude E., the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Smith, aged seven years and two months.

Died.—At Hamlin, May 13, 1881, Nora Mabel, daughter of Jonathan and Martha J. Ferree, aged 3 months and 3 days.

As was announced in the MINER of last week the marriage of our young townsman, H. L. Wilson, to Miss Anna Ackley of Emer, N. J., was consummated at the residence of the bride's parents on Wednesday, June 1st, 1881, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. The presents were very fine indeed and consisted of silverware of every description, and a set of handsome French china dishes. The worthy couple visited friends in Philadelphia, Muncy and Williamsport on their return homeward, arriving in Smethport Wednesday, June 8, 1881. Harry and his bride have the best wishes of their many friends in this community.

Death pays his visits to all—rich and poor, old and young. This time the family hearthstone of Rev. W. C. Wiltse has been visited and bereft of their loving little son, Eddie. He was a bright and promising lad of ten summers but that dreadful disease, diphtheria, sought him as its victim and carried him away to that home of everlasting glory, where life is one continual blessing. Rev. Wiltse and family have the heartfelt sympathy of their many acquaintances in their affliction and sorrow. (June 9, 1881)

Heenan.—In Smethport, June 5, 1881, of diphtheria, Blanchard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Heenan, aged 5 years.

Thomas-Godkin.—At the Bennett House, Smethport, June 14, 1881, by Rev. W. B. Wagoner, Mr. Millard E. Thomas of Erie, Pa., and Mrs. Enora Godkin of Shippenville, Pa.

TWO MEN KILLED NEAR MT. JEWETT.

Both Were Bradford Men Who Were Looking For Work.

THEY WERE FOUND BY SOME BOYS.

Edward Horrigan and Nicholas Nezor Killed by B. R. & P. Engine—Bodies Badly Mangled.

A special to the Bradford Era, Jan. 30, says: This evening at about 6:30 o'clock two boys discovered two men lying on the Erie track about half a mile south of Mt. Jewett. One of the men was dead and the other was dying. The latter was pitifully bemoaning his fate. Both were badly mangled. They had been run down, presumably, by a pusher engine which a short time before had passed southward over the road.

The boys lost no time in bringing the news of their discovery to Mt. Jewett and soon a party of men proceeded to scene of the accident. On arriving there they found that both men were dead. One was an elderly man and the other much younger. Coroner Hall was notified by telephone and he directed Undertaker Lentz of this place to take charge of the bodies. The dead men were brought to Lentz's establishment here.

In the pocket of the older man a Prudential Insurance Co. receipt was found bearing the name of D. T. Healy, the Bradford agent of the company. On this the dead man's address appeared as being No. 6 Webster street and his name as Edward Horrigan. Nothing was found about the clothing of the other victim to indicate his identity.

Horrigan must have been instantly killed as his skull was crushed and he was otherwise horribly injured. His companion was also badly mutilated, one leg and an arm having been run over.

The supposition here is that the men had been riding on a train and had got off at the water tank near where their bodies were found. They were evidently walking on the railroad, which is double-tracked at that point, and when the pusher came along they became confused and stepped upon the wrong track in front of it.

The Era reporter learned in Bradford that the two men were Edward Horrigan, aged 50 years, and Nicholas Nezor, a German aged 23 years, who had started in that direction looking for work.

The Great Lafayette.

The Great Lafayette, aptly called the world's greatest entertainer, will bring his excellent company of people, 40 in number, to the Smethport Lyceum, Monday, Feb. 5th, and a splendid business will undoubtedly crown Manager Clark's forethought and commendable enterprise in securing this fashionable and high class attraction for the patrons of our popular play house. One is at a loss for words in endeavoring to describe the merits of this big combination, which, as in the past seasons is headed by the great and only Lafayette, and it is safe to say that he is the most versatile performer now before the amusement loving public, and his energy in securing new and novel material in which to mystify and amuse his audiences is seldom equalled in the theatrical profession. His famous and original travesty on the eminent directors, John Phillip Sousa and Creatore, are still retained in his repertoire, but so many new novelties and startling situations have been added that it is almost unfair to designate it as a travesty, for it is practically an original and stupendous work of wonder, and great credit is due Mr. Lafayette for his untiring efforts and ingenuity in perfecting and bringing to its present high standard this marvelous and mysterious class of entertainment.

In presenting this attraction to the public this season Mr. Lafayette has not overlooked a single detail, he has personally superintended the building of the scenery and electrical effects, the making of the handsome wardrobe, the rehearsals of his big band and orchestra and the grand spectacular extravaganza, also giving his special attention to the training and rehearsing of the wild and domestic animals that are to be introducted in this mammoth production.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs Laura Taylor.

Lost.

A small black and tan bitch pup aged 7 months. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Charles Croissant, East Smethport.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Have you tried Holmes & Gilfillan's 10c mantles yet?

THOMAS O'TOOLE UNDER ARREST.

Was Captured in Chicago and is Now in the New Castle Jail.

HIS FRIEND INFORMS THE POLICE.

Murdered Leroy Barber Dec. 18—Barber's Smethport Relatives are Relieved—O'Toole Had Threatened Their Lives.

Thomas O'Toole, who murdered Leroy Barber at his boarding house in New Castle on the morning of Dec. 18, last was captured by the police in East Chicago on Wednesday of last week and, after being fully identified by a New Castle officer, was brought back to the scene of his crime and lodged in jail last Friday morning to await trial for one of the most cold blooded murders ever committed in this section.

O'Toole's capture is due to information furnished by a former New Castle man and friend of O'Toole who now lives in East Chicago and is known as Charles Rock, although it is admitted that this is an assumed name and only used to prevent O'Toole's friends from learning the true identity of the murderer's betrayer. On Tuesday Rock came to New Castle and gave the information which led to the arrest of O'Toole the following day.

O'Toole's hearing was set for Monday last but was postponed on account of the absence of Mrs. Martin J. Tripp, in whose house Leroy Barber was killed by O'Toole, but the hearing will be held as soon as she returns. Mrs. Tripp and little daughter were the only ones to see O'Toole come into the house on the night of the murder and are therefore very important witnesses.

The arrest and incarceration of O'Toole is a great relief to the relatives of Leroy Barber. Before O'Toole committed the terrible crime he had threatened the lives of other members of the Barber family and those living here have been in constant fear ever since he committed the crime that he would carry out his threat.

Then and Now—The Remedy.

The following paper was written by A. B. Armstrong of Smethport and was read at Fidelity Grange on Jan. 20:

Let me for a moment turn your attention to the condition of the farmers in the Potato creek and Marvin creek valley fifty years ago. Your land was fertile and scattered over with innumerable herds and flocks. There was abundance everywhere and opportunity tempted him who desired to be and to do. Cattle and sheep were raised to sell and drovers who came to buy could go up and down the valleys and buy a drove of a hundred head of as fine three and four-year-old steers as could be bought in any section, paying at the rate of from thirty to forty dollars a head. For years they came every fall to buy, as we had something to sell. Even buyers of potatoes came from New York City to buy potatoes from our farmers; paying for them a high price, to be delivered at the railway station at Olean, our nearest outlet into the world of commerce. Load after load was delivered, buyers claiming that no other potatoes had as good a flavor as ours, and for that reason we had a ready sale. What wrought the great change? When and why did we begin to retrograde? The opening up of the mighty West had something to do with it. Transportation was a factor. Invention of agricultural machinery was also a factor. Cheap lands West and high priced land East had something to do with it. But it is about fifty years since you began to furnish hay for the lumber camps, heedless of the fact that in so doing you were violating a law of nature. It was then you began to sell your hay and you have kept eternally at it. Then you parted with your sheep and cattle as your money crop, and the work of destruction was complete, for you had parted with your power to fertilize your soil. For a time you did not realize the extent of the injury because your lands were rich, and from 1860 to 1870 conditions were such, caused by the war, that you did not feel the competition of the West. From 1870 to 1890 the tillable lands in this country were increased so enormously that western competition completely swamped you. Then you thought to restore your soil with commercial fertilizers and you have grown poorer and poorer from farming until your lands have depreciated from an average of from fifty to sixty dollars an acre to from ten to twenty dollars, and few of us can say we are prosperous, while the men who went West to buy cheap lands have lived to see theirs become exceedingly valuable and are now selling them at a high price and are returning East to buy cheap lands because they are so cheap. Three such instances have come to my knowledge during the past three years in my old home town. Had we been honest with ourselves, had we been intelligent, had we been industrious in the effort to maintain the fertility of our soils, had we been tenacious, maintaining continuity of effort, changing our methods to meet the necessities of the case, not selling our acres by piecemeal from the hay rack, nor mortgaging our farms for a bark outfit to work off from the farm, this fair county would have been to-day what it was then, a veritable agricultural paradise. All around us are mighty cities, great markets, which we should, in part, supply with our products. We should produce the best of everything and realize the highest price.

You cannot raise corn in competition with Illinois and Iowa, but you can raise the best flavored potatoes in the world. You cannot raise beef and compete with Montana and Idaho, but you can make the best butter or cheese to be had on this continent, and the demand is greater than the supply. We must go back and begin at the bottom and work up. Our land can be restored, but it will require time. We no longer command the virgin soil. We have been half a century carting it away to the lumber camps, and it will take twenty-five years to make it as productive as it was when we began to farm it easy.

It can be done if we are honest, intelligent, industrious and persevering. Our position may be one of difficulty, but there is no occasion to despair. Restoration will come, if not by our hands, then by the hands of our posterity and our successors. The rapid increase of population will, of itself, establish an equilibrium of value that even cheap transportation cannot and will not fully control. When I was a boy Baltimore, Md., was said to be the center of population, now Kansas City claims to be the hub. The West will need more and more of its products for home consumption and there will be less and less to be sent East to our markets. Much that had to come East to find a market in the past will go across from the Pacific coast to Japan, to China, to India and to the new island possessions of the United States. The growth of the cities near you will make increasing demands upon all the country around and the value of our farms will increase as their productiveness increases, and they who are wise will begin preparation, not only for production but for a market where they may obtain for what they raise the highest average price. You can keep some sheep and you should keep more cows. You can raise poultry if you will and with an intelligence about it, you can make money by so doing. You can raise corn, oats, hay and forage enough for your own consumption. You can raise and market potatoes, vegetables and small fruit, but in order to do this you must recognize the sign of the times; produce the best and seek the best market (the best always sells) of your own to the consumer, as far as you can. Make demand upon your intelligence; plan out a ten year campaign; know what you can do to the best advantage and do it. Make your own fertilizer as far as possible by saving and collecting everything that will improve the soil, and do not till more than you can till well. If you must buy fertilizer, my idea is the more potash the better. Also use lime, not as a fertilizer, but to make the soil sweet and friable, so the plant food may be utilized by the plant. When seeding down use oats or some nurse crop. I have never failed to get a good catch of clover. Two tons of clover hay above ground means tons of clover roots below the surface, and where clover will grow anything will grow. Know what your crops cost; know which pays a profit and which is a loss; read the best agricultural papers you can buy. Experiment on a small scale until you are certain of your facts, then come to the Grange with them and tell us all about it. Get busy; get interested; get to making money from the farm, not off from it, and you will soon be happy and contented. The acquaintance of a happy farmer and his happy family is worth looking for. There are plenty of them and the army of happy and contented farmers is growing every year. Do not forget that farm methods in Iowa or Virginia may need to be modified in McKean county, and even farm methods in Eastern Pennsylvania cannot be pursued here without being modified to suit our soil and condition.

I am very thankful that every farmer in Keating township does not believe as I do about farming. If they did our creamery would have to cover a square instead of a lot, but nevertheless I am going to tell you just how I believe more money can be made farming when we have such good opportunities to produce as good butter or cheese as can be made in the United States. For a dairy you should first select your breed. It should be one of the special purpose dairy breeds—nothing else will do. Then begin to breed up by being sure, first, that the man behind the cow is a 350 pound of butter man for the season, and will not be satisfied with less. And he must know how to breed, feed and

(Continued on fifth page.)

RESULTS OF THE PRIMARIES

Held by Both Parties in Smethport Boro and Keating Township.

STRONG WON OUT FOR BURGESS

Over Heath in a Close Contest—Both Borough Tickets Contain Strong and Very Capable Candidates

The Republican primaries for the borough were held in the basement of the court house last Saturday, from 4 to 8 p. m. Much interest was shown and as a result 269 votes were cast, which is exceedingly large for the spring primaries. In the offices of burgess, councilmen and tax collector there was contest and the race between E. W. Strong and E. E. Heath for burgess was exceedingly close, the former winning by the narrow margin of six votes, Mr. Strong received 133, while Mr. Heath received 127. Following is the ticket:

Burgess—E. W. Strong.

Council—Dr. W. A. Ostrander and G. H. Denning.

School Directors—Sheridan Gorton, Sr., and John B. Eastman.

Justice of the Peace—E. L. Knapp.

Tax Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Auditor—J. A. Swanson.

Judge of Election—Geo. H. Hyde.

Inspector of Election—G. P. Vickery.

The Democrats of the borough held their caucus Tuesday evening and placed the following ticket in nomination:

Burgess—W. H. Gallup.

Council J. F. Rooney and Geo. H. Denning.

School Director—John Clark.

Tax Collector—W. G. Holder.

Justice of the Peace—D. L. Forsythe.

Auditor—J. A. Swanson.

Judge of Election—George Barbour.

Inspector of Election—Fred R. Hungiville.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

The following ticket was placed in nomination by the Republicans of Keating township last Saturday:

Supervisors—A. Wicks, B. Stratton and Fred Hewitt.

School Directors—James Bray and D. M. Cooper.

Auditor—Elmer Forman.

Collector—Gardner Callen.

Town Clerk—Elmer Roeder.

Justice of the Peace—G. W. Stullsmith.

First Precinct. Assistant Assessor—Frank Thornton; Judge of Election—John Hallock; Inspector of Election—J. H. Stull.

Second Precinct. Assistant Assessor—Leon Curtis; Judge of Election—A. P. Gale; Inspector of Election—W. P. Beckwith.

Third Precinct. Assistant Assessor—J. Carter; Judge of Election—George Hancock; Inspector of Election—J. S. Miller.

The Keating township Democratic nominations are as follows:

Supervisors—John D. Abbey, A. R. Cory and M. S. Coings.

School Director—Ed McKeon.

Tax Collector—A. G. Farley.

Town Clerk—F. A. Burdick.

Auditor—S. D. Crawford.

Justice of the Peace—W. I. Oviatt.

First Precinct. Assistant Assessor—Howard Acre; Judge of Election—B. B. Pierce; Inspector of Election—J. L. Oviatt.

Second Precinct. Assistant Assessor—V. S. Tyler; Judge of Election—T. L. Tyler; Inspector of Election—C. L. Palmer.

Interstate League Formed.

A meeting of the interstate baseball league was held in Bradford last Friday, at which time officers were elected and an eight-team league was organized to be composed of the following towns: Bradford, Olean, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Hornellsville, Oil City-Jamestown, Erie and Kane. The new towns to be represented in the league this year are Punxsutawney, Oil City-Jamestown and Hornellsville. George F. Bindernecht of Bradford was elected president and J. L. Jacklin of Kane succeeds himself as secretary. A board of directors was also elected and the league was changed from class D to class C. The teams will each play 112 games and the season will open on Monday, May 14, and close on Sept. 23.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

No kitchen is complete without a Universal food chopper. Holmes & Gilfillan sell them.

NELLIE'S COMPETITION

By CHAMPNEY WELLES

Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whitehead

Jefford watched the big farm wagon rattle down the road and turned disconsolately to his charge. It was pretty hard that he should be cut out of the last picnic of the season just because Nellie Carter's married sister chose to declare that her Bobby's life was too precious to be jeopardized by wandering into the woods, where as likely as not poison ivy lurked and where, at the very least, there was the chance that he would climb a tree when some one's back was turned and fall through the breaking of a rotten branch.

Bobby Germaine had been every one's cross that summer. Day after day some excursion had been proposed and some one had had to stay at home with Bobby. Jefford often wondered why his mother did not remain behind

"MR. TURNER NEVER SPANKED ME," SOBBED TOMMY.

with her precious offspring, but Mrs. Germaine always had been one of the first to accept, and for the sake of her pretty sister some one had volunteered to remain behind with the six-year-old. Usually it had been Wagner or Bascom, for they had been rivals for Nellie Carter's affections ever since the season had opened.

Jefford had made good headway in attracting Nellie's attention, but this was the first time he had sought to gain her favor by remaining at home with Bobby, and he would not have been left out of the party this time had it not been that Nellie herself had made the request.

It was piazza gossip that Bobby was a sort of test as to the fitness of Nellie's suitors, and that the masterful Mrs. Germaine would throw the balance of her favor to the fortunate man who had most successfully filled the role of day nurse to her young hopeful. Jefford loved Nellie sincerely, but he had avoided these tete-a-tetes with Bobby religiously. Now he watched the rest of the summer party down the road and lifted his eyes just in time to behold Bobby falling into the tiny fountain on the lawn. He had to form his small body into an almost complete circle to accomplish this result, but he was successful and a moment later was dragged forth, wet and wailing, to be sent upstairs to his nurse to be dried out.

Twenty minutes later he was on the lawn in a new linen suit, and Jefford raced across the grass just in time to prevent him from cutting his hands on the mower.

Jefford went back to his book, and Bobby crossed the road to the pasture beyond, whence there presently arose agonized cries, and Jefford arrived in time to haul Bobby over the fence before his charge of venue was assisted by a goat. For a moment there was a decided inclination to lay the youngster across his knee, but there came the realization that he was his aunt's nephew, and beyond a mild rebuke there were no developments.

Through the morning Bobby managed to get into half a dozen scrapes, from which he was rescued by his guardian before serious complications arose, and only the ring of the dinner bell saved him from seeking to interview the bull in the north pasture.

The meal was comparatively peaceful, for the nursegirl was in attendance to check any demonstration, but she conveniently vanished after the meal, and Jefford sat upon the porch with his after dinner cigar and wondered how it was that Turner and Bascom had been able to get through an entire day without committing murder.

Half a dozen times through the morning he had been moved to take decided action and had been restrained therefrom only by the thought of what Nellie would say, but when Bobby dug up from somewhere the remnants of his Fourth of July stock of firecrackers and proceeded to set them off in the henhouse, where a dozen hens were on their nests, Jefford's patience gave way.

With a firm grasp upon the offender's collar, he led him toward the porch, while Bobby, with streaming eyes, developed an unexpected fertility of invention in explaining what he would say to his mother and his aunt upon their return.

What he could say to Mrs. Germaine was a matter of complete indifference to Jefford, and for the moment he was not to be moved even by the use of Nellie's name. On the piazza there was a short scuffle, in which Bobby held his own remarkably well, and there after the sound of a voice raised in anguish and the smack of a brush palm upon well stretched cloth.

"Mr. Turner never spanked me," snobbed Bobby. "Aunt Nell won't like you when I tell her how cruel you was to me."

"I know it," was Jefford's amiable response, "but for your soul's salvation you simply had to have that spanking, and you'll get another if I catch you up to any of your tricks again."

That afternoon Pouce sat on the front piazza with Bobby, and for the first time since his arrival on the farm the live stock spent a quiet afternoon.

Jefford enjoyed the quiet as much as they did, but it was with a flushed face that he met the party on its return and received Mrs. Germaine's compliments upon the excellent care he had taken of the boy.

"I hope he did not give you any bother," she gushed. "Bobby is an angel, but he will be wayward at times."

"No," said Jefford quietly. "He was a little rough this morning, but we very soon came to an understanding, and we have had a delightful afternoon here on the piazza."

Turner and Bascom eyed Jefford with looks of unbelief, but Nellie's eyes snapped as she watched the pantomime.

They were twinkling when, that evening, Jefford spoke simply of his love.

"I know that I am not worthy of you," he admitted, "but I love you, dear, and I want you for my very own."

"Jim," she said softly, "before I answer your question I want to ask one. What was that understanding you had with Bobby this afternoon?"

Jefford colored. "I don't think that is fair," he protested. "I took him in charge at your request."

"Mr. Bascom and Mr. Turner declared that they never had any trouble," she said irrelevantly. "I know that poor Mr. Turner spent one entire afternoon on his hands and knees playing horse to amuse Bobby."

"Would you like to see me capering about on all fours," he asked, "just to keep a spoiled child out of mischief?"

"Still," she continued, "a man often may be judged by his attitude toward childish innocence."

He rose and faced her. "Nell," he said steadily, "if I had been in contact with childish innocence all the afternoon I would be all right, but when I am compelled to stand guard over a spoiled child and he almost sets fire to the henhouse and half kills the entire flock, there is just one thing that will meet the situation promptly, and that's a good old fashioned spanking. That was the understanding I had with Bobby, and it was effective."

"I asked you to stay behind with him on purpose," she went on. "I knew that the others had been kind to him and had used only words of kindness. Not one of them ever thought of spanking him, for my sake."

"Well," declared Jefford, "if that's your idea of it down test I am afraid I am out of it. I spanked him because he needed it, and I'm glad I did. I suppose I had better be getting on."

He had taken half a dozen steps when a hand was lightly laid upon his arm.

"Jim," said Nellie tenderly, "don't you suppose I realized what Bobby needed? I'm glad that you, at least, had the courage."

"Then Bobby was not your test?" he cried.

"Bobby was a test," she said, "but I was looking for a real man and not for a man who would let a child ride roughshod over him just because of an aunt. You are the man I want, dear."

Strange to say, Bobby approved the choice.

Things Hoped.

If I had a son who was determined to "play the races" I should hope that he would lose his last nickel and have to walk home after his first attendance.

If I had a daughter who played the piano in the sitting room while her old mother did the work in the kitchen I should hope that I might find an oak shingle and be given the grace to use it.

If ever I were to catch myself being as mean and small as some men I know—and I may—I hope that I should hope, for the benefit of the world, that the angel Gabriel would toot his horn for me very soon.

If ever I knowingly vote for a scoundrel because he represents my party I hope that I may have the privilege of going to a school where the elements of decency are taught.

If my wife should prove to be irascible at times—but I don't admit it—I should hope that I would remember the sort of luck the poor girl played in when she married me.—San Francisco Call.

The Toothbrush.

Dentistry condemns the continued use of one toothbrush as all wrong. The impossibility of cleansing so as to keep it free from microbes should insure the buying of toothbrushes by the quantity and the discarding of each brush long before it has served what once would have been considered its term of usefulness. Soft brushes should be chosen, which is possible when they are only expected to have a short term of use. Warm water always should be chosen for cleansing the teeth, and when smoking is indulged in a good antiseptic dentifrice which agrees with the mouth after some experimenting should be used freely.

A Curious Legend.

There is a curious legend in regard to Deadman's place, Southwark, London. An ingenious old writer says that the name originated as follows: "In Deadman's place, at St. Maryoverus, a manservant being buried at seven of the clocke in the morning, and the grave standing open for more dead Commodities, at foure of the clocke in the same evening he was got up alive againe by a strange miracle, which, to be true and certaine, hundreds of people can testifie that sawe him acte like a country Ghoste in his white peackled sheete." However, a more exact historian explained that the name was merely a corruption of Desmond's place.

INDIA RUBBER TREES

WHERE THEY FLOURISH AND HOW THEY ARE CLASSIFIED.

The Fara Method of Smoking the Sap to Produce Coagulation—One of Nature's Gifts For Which Man Can Devise No Substitute.

The steadily increasing demand for india rubber, the great variety of its uses and the failure of attempts to devise any satisfactory substitute for it were facts suggested by a conversation with members of the staff of the New York botanical garden incidental to an inspection of the india rubber economic collection in the garden's museum.

This collection is an exceptionally good one, comprising herbarium specimens of the leaves, seeds and fruit of rubber plants and trees, a specimen of the milk or sap which is the basis of india rubber and samples of the commercial product in its various stages up to and including vulcanization. All the principal varieties of rubber are represented, and in the garden's greenhouses are living specimens of the plants producing them. The most notable exhibit in the economic collection is a bottle of the milk from a Para rubber tree, pure white and looking like cow's milk, very recently presented to the garden by John Lane Beck, who brought it from Peru. Such a specimen is said to be extremely rare in the temperate zone. Then there are samples of india rubber in the various processes of the manufacture and a few specimens of fully completed products. The most curious of the latter is a pair of shoes made by South American natives in the rude mold of a loop shaped hole in the ground, into which the rubber was poured in a semiliquid condition and fashioned in the desired form while plastic. In addition, there is a collection of tools used in gathering the sap from the india rubber trees, such as the pick or hatchet for wounding the bark, the tin cup in which the sap is received as it exudes, etc.

As is generally known, the remarkable commercial product called india rubber, or caoutchouc, is formed from the milky juice of various trees and shrubs, which is dried and coagulated. The first European knowledge of it was derived through the second voyage of Columbus, when it was noted that rubber balls, said to be made "of the gum of a tree," were used in a game played by the natives of Haiti. One of the trees yielding the juice was generally described by Torquemada in 1615, but the first accurate information concerning any of the caoutchouc trees was supplied by La Condamine, who in 1735 was sent by the French government to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito, in Ecuador. By the natives of South America the crude india rubber was employed for balls used in games, for waterproofing garments and for the material of shoes. A great obstacle to any general use of such rubber for a long period after it became known to Europeans was the fact that while it is dry and leatherlike at a low temperature it becomes sticky and very soft when exposed to a high one. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the celebrated English scientist, Dr. Priestley, who passed his later years in this country, directed public attention to india rubber as a novelty for erasing pencil marks, stating that it was then sold in England in cubical pieces of half an inch for 3 shillings a piece.

Although india rubber was utilized in the first half of the nineteenth century for the manufacture of very crude and clumsy overshoes, which became soft in warm weather, and for some other purposes, its industrial use did not become general until the American inventor, Charles Goodyear, after repeated trials and failures, succeeded in 1844 in introducing the process of vulcanizing. By the admixture of a little sulphur and the application of heat he produced india rubber in a form which is unaffected by ordinary temperatures and is even less susceptible to external influences than leather. Moreover, this treatment increases its pliancy and elasticity. One of the important properties of rubber in the course of manufacture is that in the process of kneading or "masticating" it by machinery it becomes soft and plastic, and the purer it is the more plastic it is. In this condition it can be formed at will into any shape desired, which it retains when vulcanized.

At first only two kinds of india rubber were generally known to commerce, one being a product of Mexico and Central America, called the Castilloa elastica, and the other the rubber found in Brazil, especially in the province of Para, known as Para rubber, or hevea, which has ranked as the best and purest kind, being the freest of all from resin. Another very good variety in Brazil is the Caucho blanco, called virgin rubber, which is obtained from various species of sapium. India rubber is now produced throughout the tropics from a large number of trees and plants which belong botanically to three large groups. These are the family apocynaceae represented in the north temperate zone by the dogbane, the family euphorbiaceae, or spurge family, and the fig family. In commerce no distinction is made by botanical names, but the varieties are designated by the place of origin, as the Para rubber, the Central American, the Ceara rubber (Manihot glaziovii) and the East Indian or Assam rubber (Ficus elastica). The last named kind, which becomes a big tree in the tropics, is familiar here as the rubber plant that is grown in pots for household decoration.

New rubber plants are still frequently discovered. A number of years ago a new and superior species of rubber was found in Lagos, in Africa. Madagascar also has produced excellent rubber within a comparatively recent period. In eastern and central Africa several new rubber plants have been discovered in recent years. Even Mexico has yielded a new rubber, called the guayule, but this is of inferior value.

The milk of the rubber tree is not simply liquid caoutchouc, but contains the latter as an oil-like matter, which is suspended in the milk as an emulsion. Gatherers of this juice when making incisions in the tree with a pick or hatchet must take the greatest care not completely to penetrate the inner bark, as that would provide a means of entrance for boring insects, which would destroy the life of the tree.

There are various methods of effecting the coagulation of the milk, but the Para gatherers depend almost wholly upon the operation of smoking. Various palm nuts are commonly used as a fuel, and the quickness with which the smoke from these produces coagulation has been attributed to the presence in it of acetic acid. The shells of brazil nuts have also been used for the same purpose with fairly good results.

In burning the fuel it is sought to prevent perfect combustion, so as to secure a greater quantity of smoke, and an inverted clay pot with a hole in the bottom is placed over the fire. The milk is exposed to the smoke issuing from the orifice, a paddle, which has been dipped into a large vessel of the liquid, being held in the cloud of smoke, which so quickly coagulates the milk that the paddle can be dipped again almost immediately. This process is repeated until the mass of india rubber on the paddle becomes unwieldy, when it is removed.

Despite the extensive production of rubber in various countries, the demand for it has increased more rapidly than the supply. The better the quality of the rubber the longer is the growth of the tree producing it and the longer it takes to yield the material. The poorer rubbers can be obtained much more quickly. As it comes to market the bulk of crude rubber contains a large percentage of impurities, especially resins. Para rubber was formerly substantially free from resin and dirt, but it is said that some of the rubber now produced on plantations is even superior to the best Para. In general, however, the cultivation of rubber on plantations has not been very successful, though it has been carried on to a considerable extent in Ceylon and the Dutch East Indies. It is said that all the South American companies organized to operate such plantations have hitherto failed to produce much rubber. In explanation it is pointed out that from sixteen to twenty years are required for a Para rubber tree to become productive, from the time its seed is planted, and even then its yield of milk is scanty. Moreover, the vigor of a tree, especially a young one, is injured by much tapping. Full maturity, it is believed, is not attained by a Para tree in less than fifty years.

To increase the supply rubbers have been largely substituted, a great variety of resins being used, giving the material more body, but impairing its strength and making it brittle. Many attempts have been made to manufacture substitutes for rubber, commonly with oxidized linseed or corn oil as a basis, but all such efforts are averred to have been failures. As one of the experts at the botanical garden said, "The alleged substitutes for rubber are not rubber, and science has not yet succeeded in producing anything which can be called caoutchouc." A story has been told that an English chemist some years ago achieved the production of a compound, with turpentine as a basis, which comprised all the properties of genuine india rubber, but was unable for some unexplained reason to duplicate the experiment. This tale is discredited by botanists at the garden. Any one who could produce artificially the equivalent of real india rubber at a reasonable cost would secure Dr. Johnson's "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

The ordinary vulcanized material contains only from one-half to 1 per cent of sulphur, but if enough more is added it produces the hornlike substance called hard rubber, used for combs, penholders, knife handles, eyeglass rims, watch chains and many other articles. This hard rubber, which takes a fine polish, is valuable to the electrician for its insulating properties and to the chemist and photographer because vessels made of it are unaffected by most chemical reagents.—New York Post.

Irving and the Padded Leg.

Given the old "reading of lines," the mellifluous elocution of the part as the test of acting, and they were an insuperable bar to his acceptance as an actor. Overflowing, overwhelming success came in spite of these, because acting is more than elocution, because it is an art which depends for its success not on cadences, but on the intellectual and emotional mastery of situation and character. "One of my calves," said Mr. Lawrence Barrett, "is a little smaller than the other. Most legs are that way. I had always padded the worse leg until I was in London and had a talk with Henry Irving. He pointed out to me that it was better to leave your legs as they were made. They fitted the figure as a whole, and the instant you padded the general balance of the figure was upset and you had a sense of unreality." I quote from memory after years, but with perfect certainty as to broad fact and general expression. How keen, how penetrating, how illuminating, was this view which accepted even physical imperfection as part of the stock in trade with which a sense of reality could be created!—Talcott Williams in Atlantic.

Live While You Are Alive.

Enjoy life as it comes to you. Listen to the bird songs and the voices of the children. Linger to watch the sunset or the opening of a flower. Take into your life the goodness, the pleasure and the brightness of every day, for "we shall pass this way but once," and then when you reach the last day that is given you here you will be content and can say, "I have lived."—Town and Country.

As to Heroes.

No man who is polite to his family only when company is present can hope to be a hero to his son.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE PARLIAMENTARY WHIP.

He Is an Important Official and Gets a Good Salary.

When private affairs or other matters make it impossible for our lawmakers to attend to their duties in house or senate a "pair" is made out with a member of the opposition and filed with the clerk. This acts to preserve the balance of the majority, since one vote from each side is taken away. The matter is entirely one of personal arrangement, and the clerk's only duty is to record the fact.

In parliament there is an official to prepare these pairs and to act as "whip" for his party, the place carrying with it a salary of $10,000 as patronage secretary.

The parliamentary whip is something more than an arranger of pairs, however, for his chief duty lies in seeing that all members of his party are present when there is likely to be a need of their vote, and for this purpose he sends out through his assistants notices in which the importance of the events to come is shown by the number of the underscored lines used.

A one line whip, wherein the subject of the debate and other information are underscored but once, is not regarded as being particularly pressing, but a two line whip commands attention, and a three line whip means that the recipient who absents himself is liable to find himself in disfavor with his party. Four lines are used only in announcing great events, and no one who receives the occasional five line whip would think of remaining away unless ill in bed.

In parliament pairing is a matter arranged by the whips of the opposing parties, and not by those who seek to escape their duties. At times there are humorous mistakes made as each seeks to pair off some one who would in any event remain away. The most notable case was one wherein a man shot with a broken leg was paired with a member who had just died, each whip gloating over his cleverness until the facts came to light.

WINDS AND DRAFTS.

The Former Are Beneficial, but the Latter Are Dangerous.

By a draft is meant the currents of air in an inclosed space. Our forefathers attributed nearly all the evils that beset them to drafts, and they would not have slept in uncurtained beds for anything. Of course their windows and doors were shaky, and houses stood far apart, so drafts were nearly inevitable. But the modern scientific world tries to deny drafts altogether and calls them winds, which are harmless and even healthy to a certain degree.

Any one who cares to find out the difference between a wind and a draft can do so in any apartment which has windows on different sides of the house. Let him open a window on a windy day on the side of the house toward which the wind blows. The air which comes in is quite harmless if the person exposed to it be dressed in warm clothes, and little children may take the air in a room thus ventilated. But let him open a window past which the wind blows, and it will be found that the air in the room is moved by a number of currents, all of which strive to reach the opening. It is the passing wind which sucks up the air in the room and draws it out, and this causes the room to have what is called a draft.

The effect upon sensitive persons is immediately felt, like the forerunner of pain to come. A draft will always be felt as colder than the wind. Very dangerous drafts are those that are produced in railway cars by the rapid motion of the train. It is not wind that gets into the carriages, but the air of the car which is sucked out. A lighted match held to the chink of the window will prove this, as the flame will be drawn toward the window, not blown from it.

THE ODD LITTLE GECKO.

A Queer Animal That Lives In Africa and Southern Europe.

The gecko is an odd little creature. His name is seldom heard, and his form is seldom seen, for he lives in Africa and the southern countries of Europe.

This little gecko has so many strange ways and there is something so uncanny in his appearance that the people of the countries where he lives are rather afraid of him, believing his bite to be poisonous, although this is denied by naturalists.

He is a little creature, with a broad, flat head, like a snake, and a long body, with a narrow tail, with odd shaped bits of skin arranged like scallops along the sides of it. He has short legs and queer, catlike claws, which enable him to easily climb the old walls and rocks upon which he lives, catching the insects of various sorts which make his dinner.

He is a nocturnal animal, walking abroad at night and sleeping in the daytime. He moves with sudden rushes and without any noise whatever. His odd name was given him from the queer noise he makes, which is something like the noise you would make to start a horse with. The male gecko is of a gray color, so near the shade of the old walls and rocks among which he makes his home that he can barely be seen.

Chinese Children.

The education of their children is a matter of no small interest to the affectionate Chinese mothers. They watch the little one from the day he is born, to note superstitious signs. Let him cry lustily, and he will live long, say the old grannies. If he teeths or walks too soon he will grow up unlovable in disposition. At first the little Chinese are not very attractive objects, presenting rather a scaly appearance, due to the custom of not washing them lest they catch cold. A month after his birth the boy's head is shaved. A great feast is prepared and celebrated, the child now receiving his "milk name." When he enters school his name is changed, as it is once more when he receives his degree.—Pilgrim.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney trouble, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—causes no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,
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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House.
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MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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I have the best GAS LIGHT ever shown in Smethport for 75c complete

CALL AND SEE IT.

Also full line of HARDWARE, GAS STOVES and RANGES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, CAST ALUMINUM WARE that will last a lifetime.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

STOMACHS ON STILTS.

The man who puts on stilts does not increase his actual stature. He only feels taller. Stimulants are the stilts of the stomach. They make a man feel better for the time being, but he feels a great deal worse for them afterward.

The need of the man whose stomach is "weak" is not stimulation but strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery perfectly answers that need. It contains no alcohol or whisky. It cures the weak, foul stomach with its attendant bad smelling breath, coated tongue, bad taste, poor appetite and kindred symptoms.

"In the year 1890 I had an attack of indigestion and got so bad that my home doctor said he could not do me any good," writes Mr. G. Trent, of Gordonville, Texas. "I wrote to you and you advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, so I bought six bottles and when I commenced using it I was so weak could hardly walk about the house. By the time I had used one bottle my stomach and bowels commenced to heal. There were strictures of the lining of my stomach or bowels (I don't know which, as large as a pea) as I passed two I have passed and I had a good deal of misery in my stomach and bowels, and also in the rectum especially. I could not eat anything without having much distress afterward, but by the time I had taken eight bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery I was sound and well and could eat anything I pleased without suffering in the least. Could also do as much work in a day as I ever could. I have not suffered from the trouble since, would was four years ago that I was so sick."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make a little more profit. He gains; you lose. Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Wellsboro is to have free mail delivery.

—Three hundred and thirteen Pennsylvania couples were married in Jamestown, N. Y., during the past year.

—Miss Clytie Abbey entertained a party of friends at her home on Bank street last Friday evening in honor of her twenty-first birthday.

—Mrs. Hattie Randall, wife of W. H. Randall of Duke Centre, died at 4 p. m. Thursday of pneumonia, aged 46 years. The deceased was a life long resident of that vicinity and a woman held in high esteem by all who knew her.

—Some persons imagine that when they discontinue taking their home paper, it will die. Anyone possessed of that idea should take a stroll down to the river, stick their finger in the water and pull it out again, carefully noting how large a hole it leaves.

—It has become known that a dozen or more Olean young men from 16 to 20 years of age have been indulging themselves in "Joy Parties." To induce the joyful feeling they have been taking a solution of cocaine. Steps have been taken in an endeavor to restrain these joyful youths.

—The postoffice department has served notice on the railroads that in the future all mail trains on branch roads which are late, will cause a fine to be imposed by the government. This order has been made necessary on account of the inferior service rendered by the railroads on their branch lines.

—The splendid band carried by the Great Lafayette, in which he introduces his own original marvelies on the famous band leaders Sousa and Creatore, are all soloists, each and every one being especially selected for his individual work; many of these gentlemen have been members of Sousa's, Creatore's Muscagni's and other well known musical organizations.

—John W. English, manager of the planing department of the Mina saw mill, visited at the home of H. D. Reeves, near Smethport over Sunday. Last Saturday was the first time in twenty-eight years that Mr. English has been in Smethport and the town and its people—except Col. Wright and a few of the old-timers—were nearly new to him.—Potter Journal.

Pawning a Bank Book.

The pawning of the wedding ring has become a pathetic commonplace to those who are familiar with police court and coroner's court stories or with the private petitions for help of the deserving and undeserving poor. But we confess that with the Westminster magistrate we have never heard before of pawning bank books. Yet on expert pawnbroker's evidence elicited by police inquiry it is found that these are at all and not rare practice. In the vast majority of cases it would seem to be a simpler matter to draw on the bank account rather than borrow on the strength of it from the pawnshop. But one of the unfortunate possessions of the pawnee is revealed in the particular case mentioned at Westminster. A picture frame maker, wishing to withdraw from the bank, could not find his bank book and then learned that his wife had been putting the book in and out of pawn for eight years, having borrowed £7 10s. on it the first time, and of course she had been paying interest on her various transactions.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Robinson Crusoe, Economist.

When the average boy spends the delighted hours of imaginative youth in devouring the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" he has, like most people of more mature years, no idea that he is perusing a work of profound philosophy written by one of the greatest political thinkers of the English-speaking race.

Taken with a knowledge of the facts of the career of De Foe, "Robinson Crusoe" can properly be considered a story intended to illustrate the heavy burden of trouble placed upon any single individual isolated from his fellows and compelled to maintain his existence without their aid. The tale shows in an indelible way how all civilized men are interdependent. Regarded from this point of view, the author of the most widely read work of fiction ever written becomes an object of particular interest to all thinkers upon politics.—William N. Hill, M. D., in Watson's Magazine.

Differences of Opinion.

"Women are hard to understand," said the callow philosopher.

"Not at all," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta has never yet spoken her mind to me without making herself perfectly clear."—Washington Star.

Defined.

De Witt—So you say me stealing a kiss, eh? Upton—I did, and I call it larceny. De Witt (ecstatically)—Pardon me—grand larceny.

Gives None.

Farmer Hyer—How much milk does your cow give? Farmer Myer—She never gives any. You got to take it.

The Sin of Fretting.

There is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech, so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement or something or other which probably every one in the room, or in the car, or the street corner, it may be, knew before and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the gliddest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even holy writ says, we are prone to trouble as sparks fly upward, i. e., even to the sparks flying upward in the blackest of smoke, there is a little sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—Helen Hunt.

A Patient Scot.

Alexander Innes Shand, in his "A Medley of Memories" writes of an old Scotchman whom he knew in his boyhood. "He used to drive cattle in a flowing, tasseled dressing gown, which had been passed on to him, and he only shaved his gray beard at long intervals. One of my earliest recollections is seeing him lifting off the tails of a litter of terrier puppies in the courtyard. He was a philosopher in his own way, and with the free run of the servants' hall and butler's pantry he took life easily.

"He never complained. Once, when the landlord paid a morning visit that persons splashed from the drainage outside the door into a puddle within, where some ducklings were disporting themselves, and the wet was dripping off their feathers from the blackened rafters.

"'Well, John,' was the exclamation [illegible] 'a shocking [illegible] of weather.'

"'Aye [illegible] sir,' was the reply, 'a gey [illegible] and they're [illegible] I'm weel enough [illegible] for my auld umbrella.'"

[illegible]

[illegible] of French [illegible] a [illegible] here are [illegible] and a neck, a young Italian lawyer. "Some while ago, when I was living in that country, I learned a good deal about the ways of the various tribes. In each [illegible] of them [illegible] is [illegible] only when the [illegible] of prisoners taken in battle. It is all right to eat persons who belong to hostile clans, but it would be a gross violation of tradition and the custom of the land to feast upon the bodies of even upon members of the same tribe. This delicacy of sentiment, however, is not universal, and in one tribe in particular, where I noted the absence of any old persons, I learned that it was the proper thing to add the aged inhabitants to the local food supply. This confined the population to the young and hardy, for at the first signs of decrepitude the boiling pot was called into requisition."—Washington Post.

Hard Lines For Bachelors.

"Korea's the wrong place for bachelors," said a traveler. "Bachelors in Korea are considered as children and have only children's privileges. You, a Korean bachelor, get thirsty. You enter a rest-house and call for palm wine. The pretty little amber colored waitress says:

"'Married?'

"'No,' says you.

"'Heraus then,' says she.' And out you go unshaked.

"You want to vote, but they won't let you if you are not married.

"You apply for a job somewhere. 'How many children have you?' is the first question you're asked.

"And as soon as you say you're unmarried they laugh in your face to think that you should presume to apply for work anywhere."

Where Babies Swim.

"I spend my winters in Samoa," said a traveler. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim. Can you imagine a quainter, more charming sight than a host of babies, none over two years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water? You will see this sight in Samoa. Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies, and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year around. The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk. And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 5,000 mile trip to Samoa."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Extravagant Shoes.

During the reigns of William Rufus, Henry I. and Stephen all sorts of extravagant shoes were worn. The toes were sometimes long and pointed and sometimes made to curl like a ram's horn. Occasionally they were twisted in different directions, as though the feet were deformed. The clergy protested and threatened, but the fashion continued in spite of the maledictions. Several persons were excommunicated for wearing pointed shoes, but they took the risk.

Handling Facts.

The lady witness had become quite picturesque in her testimony, and the attorney had called her down in a way that had made her mad all over. "Confine yourself to facts if you please, madam," he said in conclusion. "Very well," she replied tartly. "You are no gentleman. How does that strike you?"—London Tit-Bits.

I have also seen the world and after long experience have discovered that ennui is our greatest enemy and remunerative labor our most lasting friend. —Justus Moser.

Prelanguage Thought of Mutes.

Teachers of the deaf from the beginning have been in the habit of questioning their pupils about their prelanguage thought. The little deaf mute finds himself, when he first realizes that he is "other than the thing he sees," dwelling in a world of pantomimes. His breath is normal and self expression soon becomes a necessity. Therefore, he invents a language of signs, which, with more or less vigor, according as his temperament is energetic or indolent, he imposes on his family circle. It is a poor enough language, dealing almost wholly with concrete objects, but by it he can make his bodily wants known. Like the cat or the dog, the deaf child may now tell when he is cold or hungry or thirsty. Unlike the cat or dog, at least so far as we know them, the deaf born child tries often to ask for reasons, but he is not easily understood, he cannot be answered in his self invented gesture language.

"I why'd him, but he wouldn't because," complained a little deaf boy who had been taught some language.—Reader.

Salt, the Civilizer.

The use of salt as a necessary supplement to diet has had much influence in shaping the civilization and exploration of the world. It is most probable that the oldest trade routes were created for the salt traffic, as salt and bitumen formed the chief necessaries of the ancient days. This was certainly the case with the caravan routes in Libya and the Sahara, while the mines of north India were the center of a large trade before the time of Alexander.

Another interesting fact is that salt has played a considerable part in the distribution of man. When it became absolutely necessary to him, as it did at an early stage of his development, he was forced to migrate to places where it could be obtained. This brought him to the seashore, where he gained his fleas of maritime commerce. Lastly, the preservative effects of salt on flesh and made long organic voyages possible and thus opened up the world to commerce and civilization.

How Cowards Were Punished.

Many of the devices by which military intelligence of life has been maintained and sustained are curious. In ancient Athens the public temples were closed to those who refused military service, who deserted their ranks or lost their buckler, while a lawsuit against such offenders to sit for three days in the public forum dressed in the garments of women. Many a Spartan mother would stab her son who came back alive from a defeat, and such a man, if he escaped his mother, was debarred not only from public offices, but from marriage, exposed to the blows of all who chose to strike him, compelled to dress in mean clothing and to wear his beard negligently trimmed. In the same way a horse soldier who fled or lost his shield or received a wound in any save the front part of the body was by law prevented from ever afterward appearing in public.

The First Electric Train.

The earliest public trial of a passenger boat driven by an electric motor was that conducted by Professor Jacobi of St. Petersburg in the year 1838, though for four years previously he had successfully experimented with electric traction in the privacy of his own grounds. The trial of Jacobi's vessel took place on the Neva and was witnessed by a vast crowd of people. The boat was twenty-eight feet long and ten feet wide and carried fourteen persons.

It was not until four years later that we find any record of a passenger carriage driven by electricity on land, and in this case the inventor was Alexander Davidson of Edinburgh. The carriage was sixteen feet long by seven feet wide and was impelled for a mile and a half at the rate of four miles an hour on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway.

The Game of the Sheep.

Among the gypsies of Bosnia there is a curious game called "the game of the sheep."

You know they skin a sheep or goat in the east by dragging the skin off whole over its head. This skin the Bosnians drip and grease most carefully. Then they tie up the four legs and the neck and blow it full of air, so that it looks like a very greasy, badly shaped sheep. This is thrown in the middle of a ring, and each man in turn jumps on it with bare feet until one succeeds in bursting it. The lucky one then gets a purse. Such a funny sight as it is to see them jump and sprawl, for of course if they do not strike it at just the right angle they slip on the greasy surface as if it were a toboggan slide and go sprawling.

Plates.

Individual plates for table use were unknown to the ancients, who held their meat in their hands or employed the flat wheaten cakes then made on which to hold their victuals. They are first mentioned in A. D. 600 as used by the luxurious on the continent, and in the ninth century they had come into common use both in England and on the continent. They were made of wood or some kind of earthenware, the former material being preferred because it did not dull the knives.

The Saturnalia.

The saturnalia was a midwinter feast of the Romans in honor of Saturn, beginning on Dec. 17. On this occasion great license was given to every one to do what he pleased, and even the slaves were permitted much liberty of speech and action. All work was suspended, the houses and temples were decorated, congratulations were exchanged and presents sent as with us at Christmas.

Better Be Careful.

A sporting paper recommends a certain way of avoiding the bites of a dog, however savage. All one has to do is to stand perfectly still and hold one's hand out. The dog, says the writer, will take the hand into his mouth, but will not bite it. But what guarantee have we that the dog knows this?—London Globe.

Soldier Ants of Panama.

"Crossing the road in the park," writes a visitor to Panama, "I observed a curious thing. Green leaves, thousands of them, each the size of a small oak or maple leaf, were moving in regular marching order along the road, a continuous line as far as the eye could reach. It proved to be an army of ants, each one carrying a leaf on its back which completely hid its little body. On closer view I saw a parallel line of ants returning unloaded or empty, backed to the place of supply up a rather long, steep hill. In crossing the roadway the driver of our carriage stupidly ran over both lines. A few ants fell out never to go back, but the broken ranks instantly filled and the procession moved on unceasingly as before. During the busy season these soldier ants march day and night, laying in their supply of food."

He Knew.

"You are sure that man cheated?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam. "He held four aces."

"But that is not conclusive evidence."

"It was in this case. I knew where the regular ace was myself."—Washington Star.

Sudden.

"Now," said the professor, describing the work of his class to Miss Elderberry, "we are engaged"—

"Oh, are we? How sudden!" was her reply as she snuggled up.—Houston Post.

GOOD for OLD and YOUNG

August Flower keeps the children healthy and strong—
Full of vigor and frolic the whole day long,
So when Mamma needs more they rush off in high glee,
And shout to the druggist: "Please give it to me!"

Inability to get up brisk and fresh in the morning, lack of appetite, pallor, muddy complexion and poor spirits—these all indicate a disordered stomach and bad digestion—in adults and children, too. They also indicate the urgent need of taking Green's August Flower regularly for a few days.

It's a reliable old remedy for all stomach troubles, never fails to cure indigestion, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and is a natural tonic for body and mind.

Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

IT IS NOT A BAIT

to draw people to our store and make them buy something else—but a plain out and out

BARGAIN.

A 35c Undershirt or Drawer at

12 1-2 cents

We want to sell them—even if nothing else. They are heavy enough for winter and light enough for spring wear. All sizes.

Wm. Monheimer.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Swan County News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS.—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1906.

Former Judge Robert M. Henderson died at his home in Carlisle, Pa., on Monday from paralysis after a brief illness. Judge Henderson was 78 years of age. He served two times in the legislature and afterwards became judge of the Dauphin-Lebanon district.

ALL previous automobile records have been smashed at Ormond Beach, Fla., during the past week. On Friday last Marriott, the noted driver of F. E. Stanley, drove a Stanley steamer a mile in the remarkable time of 28 2-5 seconds, covering the ground at the rate of 127.6 miles an hour. On Monday Victor Demogeot of France drove his 200-horse power gasoline car two miles in the marvelous time of 58 1-5 seconds, which is at the rate of 122 miles an hour.

AFTER days of strenuous denials, false statements, successively disproved by the police and earnest pleadings that he be not taken to New Jersey, Rufus Johnson, colored, gave up the fight and at 7 o'clock Monday evening confessed to Captain of Detectives Humphrey and Detective Pohler at Baltimore, that it was he who, on Jan. 18, murdered Miss Florence W. Allinson in the barn at her home at Moorestown, N. J. He declares that he had no accomplice.

SOME of our charitably inclined people have started a humane movement which should have liberal support from all parts of the county. It is to raise a fund to pay the funeral expenses of all friendless people who die at the County Home. At the present time the law is such that the bodies of all such persons who die at the County Home must be sent to the State medical college for dissection unless some friend or relative will pay the funeral expenses. In many instances inmates have no friends who are able to stand this expense and therefore their bodies must be sent to such an institution. The cost of these burials is not great and a sufficient amount should be easily raised.

KING CHRISTIAN IX of Denmark died at Copenhagen Monday afternoon, surrounded by members of the Royal family. Christian IX was born April 8, 1818. By birth he was Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. He succeeded to the throne of Denmark by virtue of treaty and the law of the Danish succession on the death of his kinsman, Frederick VII, in 1863. He married the Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel who died September 29, 1898. There were born to him the following children: Prince Royal Frederick, born in 1843. His second son, Prince Charles, married the Princess Maud, third daughter of King Edward of England. Queen Alexandra, wife of King Edward, born in 1844. The King of Hellenes, born in 1845. The dowager Empress of Russia, born in 1847. The Duchess of Cumberland, born in 1853. Prince Waldemar, born in 1858.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U. S. A. (retired) died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Sterling Smith, Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, last Thursday, from pneumonia. He was sixty-nine years old.

General Joseph Wheeler, with all of his greatness, was one of the most modest of men. Quiet, reserved and unassuming, he was five feet six inches tall. He weighed only 110 pounds at his best, but, as Speaker Reed once said in the House at Washington, "there's a fight in every pound of the Congressman from Alabama."

He was born in Augusta, Ga., in 1836, and graduated from West Point in 1859. When the Civil war broke out he was one of the many United States officers to resign his commission and take up arms with the Confederacy and it was while fighting for this cause that he earned the title of "Fighting Joe Wheeler." He was 62 years old when the war with Spain broke out and he offered his services to his country. Some thought perhaps he should not be accepted because of the past but President McKinley appointed him a general, which proved to be no mistake.

He was one of the foremost American leaders in the campaign at Santiago. When Shafter came to the conclusion, after about two days of intermittent fighting along the lines of the Spanish earthworks, that a retreat might be necessary it was Gen. Wheeler who stood out against it. He was for sailing into the Spaniards with every available man, and his plan prevailed. General Wheeler was then a major-general, and yet no one would have suspected it from his equipment. His campaign outfit consisted of an old slouch hat that had seen years of hard service, a blue flannel shirt and a pair of khaki trousers that had seen better days. There was not a single insignia of his high rank.

The funeral, which was with full military honors, was held from St. Thomas' Episcopal church in New York on Sunday. Rev. Dr. Sires in the sermon in part, said: "This is one of the great occasions of our lives. For we are met to honor the memory of a rare man. I do not speak of him principally as a statesman, citizen or soldier, for the mere record of his deeds is far more eloquent than any praise of ours could be. It is of the man I think, at this hour. Was he entitled to be called great? It is not difficult for you to decide. He was distinguished by courage without rashness, with wisdom without pride, by gentleness without weakness, by patience without heedlessness, and by justice, which always leaned toward mercy. He honored man, he trusted man, and to every man he was ready to give his time, substance and heart. The North gives him unstinted honor. The South, even in her grief, is proud of her ever loyal son. Cuba, for whose freedom he fought, sobs out her grief across the waves, and the whole world pauses for a moment to-day to declare that this was indeed a man."

At the conclusion of the services the body was taken to Washington where it laid in state in St. John's church until Monday when all that is mortal of this great man was laid at rest in Arlington cemetery.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON D. C., Jan. 27, 1906.

Congress is now in a quiescent state. It is conceded that the "insurrection" in the House, if it ever had any real foundation, has broken down. The joint statehood bill will pass unless something very unforeseen happens to prevent, and the House rate bill, which it is conceded embodies the President's ideas more than do the several Senate bills, will go to conference and get trimmed as sure as there is a conference. The Senate is not in the habit of giving up to the House and while there has been some talk of the House "standing pat" on the rate bill, it is not thought that it will. Possibly this estimate of the House stubbin may be wrong, but there will be more chance to tell at the end of next week.

One of the most futile bills of national importance that have been introduced into the Senate for a long time is that of Senator Overman to appoint a commission to study foreign trade conditions with a view to increasing the American foreign market. Now Senator Overman ought to know, everyone else does, that the Department of Commerce and Labor, the State Department, the Treasury and even the Department of Agriculture are full of the very information that he would send a commission abroad to obtain. The magazines and the newspapers have been full for some years past of facts and figures, much of the magazine material written by such men as Frank Vanderlip and Mr. Conant who have made a study of the subject and whose conclusions are of more value than those of the most politically appointed commissions. The information is all at hand, but the thing that is needed is the reform in the consular service which has been urged by the State Department and thwarted by the very Senate of which Mr. Overman is a member, and there is needed an awakening on the part of American manufacturers who have yet to grasp the first principles of world business. The time is rapidly approaching when America will have to capture world markets to keep up the standard of national prosperity that has been set in the past decade. But the information is already in hand and world markets will not be captured by appointing fresh commissions at comfortable salaries to find out what is already known at home.

The coming of the Imperial Chinese Commission to Washington has been something of a revelation to officials here and in no way more so than in the manner that the Orientals to-day went after facts in national finance in the Treasury Department. The mere coming of the commission is not an indication that China is waking up but that she has awakened. The Chinese are among the most expert accountants in the world and those who have seen them say the most honest. It is a fact that all of the big banking and commercial houses in Japan have Chinese cashiers and tellers to handle the money because a Chinaman is notoriously more honest than a Jap. But when the Chinamen got in touch with the officials in the Treasury Department, they showed that they knew what they were coming after and knew the answers to at least half their questions before they asked them. Most of the Imperial Commission speak English like natives. The financial interpreter to-day was a graduate of Harvard and Stanford. He and his fellows were not interested in seeing machines punch holes in discarded greenbacks. They wanted to know the system of government bookkeeping, the safeguards against leaks, the relation of national bonds to national bank circulation and things in that line useful to a nation that has just established a paper currency and is expanding its national banking system. The members of the commission have been quick to deny that they were in this country either looking after war material or exclusively interested in material progress. They say that they are commissiond to study social and economic problems. But from the thoroughness with which they went through the Naval Academy and apparently absorbed the whole system, it would seem that they were not negligent of the warlike side of western progress either. And, if China with her 400 million of population decided to reorganize on the military basis, she will force the rest of the world to sit up and take notice.

Arrangements have been made tentatively for the interment at Arlington of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. A site has been selected near the front of the historic Lee mansion and it has been arranged that there will be an escort from all the branches of the United States forces stationed around Washington. The outlook is for the greatest military funeral since the interment of Gen. Lawton at Arlington after his death in battle in the Philippines. Gen. Wheeler was known and liked in Washington long before his service in Cuba. But that service identified him as the real stuff that patriots and not partisans are made of and no one will grudge him the honor of a national burial.

Then and Now—The Remedy.

(Continued from first page.)

weed for a dairy that will make him money, or he will never get it. I sometimes think it is the man more than the cow who ought to be bred up. Be sure of your man. I have learned that you cannot buy a herd of good dairy cows, you must raise them, for the reason that no man in his senses in a dairy country will sell his best; he will only part with his poorest, under normal conditions.

I began by buying ten good every day cows. I believe they were better than the average. Also bought registered pure blood Guernsey bull, the best I could buy and have kept the registered pure Guernsey blood as head of the herd, raising heifers from what proved by testing, the best cows. My first heifers, at two years, the first year in milk averaged 125 pounds of butter fat. After ten years breeding and selecting my two year old heifers are making 250 pounds for the season. I do not expect that the next ten years will show quite as much improvement, but I am sure there will be improvement. My young heifers are now 187½ per cent. Guernsey blood, and I keep no calves from a cow that does not make three hundred pounds of butter. I believe I am on the right line for a profitable dairy, and no man can afford in this age of close competition to keep a cow that will not return him fifty dollars or more each season by taking the milk to the creamery or cheese factory. My cows will do it. This year 23 cows earned more than thirteen hundred dollars for milk sold the creamery, and they must do more, as I shall keep gradually at it on these lines, breeding, feeding and weeding and properly caring for the herd. If anything on the farm is neglected it must be something else. The cows at all times must be properly cared for.

Then our people have established and erected buildings and grounds for a fair, and next year there ought not to be a farmer who belongs to the Grange who does not exhibit something he has raised on the farm. And see to it that it is the best. If we do not get the first premium we can see where we fall down and next year will try to do better. The fair is to be an object lesson and if we can learn nothing from it our money has been a bad investment, and we will continue to be in the future, as in the past, the poorest farmers on the earth.

Let me assure you we have the best farms in the grass belt and if we learn the lesson there isn't a farmer in any country who can produce better products or make more money from the farm. And who says we won't? And we won't have to tell. Any stranger can tell our condition by driving past our farms. I thank you for your attention.

COLD, WET

WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $80,000.00

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

McCoy's Drug Store

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Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

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A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.

Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

INVENTORY SALE

We have been taking inventory and cleaning house. Found many broken lots in MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. Never cleaned a closet yet but that you found something you had lost track of. So in store keeping. Stock counting brings to light many things and makes prominent many important facts. We're going to right these matters with an

INVENTORY SALE.

Going to right them with very low prices; prices so low that every garment in those broken lines will be sold. The broken lots are always the best lots. You can't resist prices.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 and 15c

Ask for Free Style Book.

Come Here Before Buying Elsewhere

I am offering at reduced prices

MEN'S HEAVY WOOLEN WORKING PANTS, FELTS and RUBBERS, FELT SLIPPERS.

Also what DRESS SKIRTS are left will be closed out at reduced prices.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

CUT PRICE SALE.

This is the time of year when the shopper is looking for valuable goods at a very low price. You will realize a great saving by purchasing your ready to wear garments here.

All Trimmed Hats will go at cost.

A lot of Coats, Ladies, Misses and Children's, at prices that will surprise you.

A few good Furs left which are being sold at cost.

A good assortment of Ladies Dress Skirts, all colors, now going at a great sacrifice.

Many other bargains that limited space will not allow us room to mention.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

Our Inventory shows us that we have an overstock of

Muslin Underwear

in several medium priced lines.

This means bargains for you, the purchasers.

Of these lines we will place ONE-HALF on our counters and sell at COST. Are you in need of Muslin Underwear? Yes. Well then, visit us Friday and Saturday for choice bargains in this line. EVERY ARTICLE a bargain.

Friday and Saturday.

The Lindholm Co.

Is Your Kitchen Plumbing Modern?

While it is commendable to give the utmost attention to the construction of your bathroom, it is advisable to give as equally good attention to the sanitary equipment of your kitchen.

Take into consideration the fact that all your food is prepared in the kitchen and that the utensils in which it is prepared depend upon the sanitary equipment of the kitchen for their cleanliness. Is this fact alone not sufficient to warrant the installation of a thoroughly sanitary kitchen sink?

We would like to examine the plumbing in your kitchen and if it is defective, tell you the cost of putting in a "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Sink with an abundant supply of hot and cold running water. This done, cleanliness will be assured.

Our booklet, "Modern Home Plumbing," shows several kitchens equipped with "Standard" Sinks. Call, write or phone for a copy. Every "Standard" Sink is fully guaranteed.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—February.

—To-morrow is groundhog day.

—J. Odesser has a change of ad this week.

—H. W. Rubin is offering bargains in clothing. His ad is interesting.

—The Euchre Club was entertained by Mrs. O. J. Hamlin last evening.

—The Whist Club met with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker last Saturday evening.

—See what Holmes & Gilfillan have to say about the universal food chopper this week.

—The Great Lafayette at the Lyceum next Monday evening. Do not miss this great attraction.

—You will be interested in the Lindholm Co.'s sale for Friday and Saturday. Read their ad.

—Sarah Bernhardt will be at the New Bradford Theatre next Wednesday evening and many Smethport admirers will attend the performance of the world's greatest actress.

—The National Protective Legion will hold a social meeting next Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the regular place. Cards, light refreshments and a general good time is assured.

—February is the banner month for teachers. Besides the two holidays there will be four Sundays and four Saturdays, thus leaving only eighteen days in which the overworked teacher must hustle.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Freeman entertained Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick and Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Button at 6 o'clock dinner on Monday evening, the event being in honor of Mrs. E. S. Stevens of Muncie, Ind., sister of the hostess.

—Burglars entered the residence of Postmaster Roberts at Eldred last Saturday evening and secured $14.00. They gained an entrance by sawing a hole in a panel in the rear door and unlocking it. They found a pair of trousers belonging to Mr. Roberts in which they found the above amount. No clue has been found as to the identity of the burglars, although it is claimed that some neighbors saw some men attempting to enter the office of Justice of the Peace C. C. Moses and these are supposed to be the same parties.

—Richard E. Currie of Derrick City, died at his late home Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, after a lingering illness. The deceased was 38 years of age and belonged to the Masonic fraternity of Duke Centre and the Eldred Tent of Maccabees. He was well-known in the oil districts.

—It has recently been learned that an inmate of the county home of Potter county owns several houses in Austin that rent at a good price. He was compelled to leave the home and an effort is being made by the county commissioners to compel him to reimburse the county for his helping.

—Mr. Samuel Southwick, a veteran soldier and one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Smethport, was in town last Friday and Saturday visiting his old friends, Michael Ryan, E. S. Fickler and W. M. Quimby. Mr. Southwick talks of going to Southern California in quest of health.—Potter Journal

—"The Real Widow Brown" was the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum Monday evening and drew a fair sized house. It is a clean cut musical farce comedy and is well acted by a capable company. The specialties introduced by various members of the company were all good and the audience was well pleased with the performance.

—The Travellers' Club gave a birthday party at the hose house Tuesday evening which was a great success. The rooms were beautifully decorated and an excellent program, including several musical numbers and amusing dialogues, were rendered. A nice luncheon was served, which was heartily enjoyed by the large number of guests. The contributions enriched the Club House fund materially.

—On Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris of the Methodist church will preach on "Prayer." In the evening there will be given the first of a series of sermons on "Things Fundamental." The series will include these sermons: "The Soul and its Powers;" "The Intellectual Life;" "The Emotional Life;" "The Will;" "The Moral Law;" "The Moral Taste;" "The Function of the Conscience;" "The Training of the Conscience;" and "The Sanctions of the Conscience." On Sunday evening the girl's choir will take the place of the regular choir. The church has just been supplied with new hymnals and will be used for the first time on Sunday.

—Two weeks ago J. C. Cunningham placed one of his Colonial Gas Burners over our desk. It gives a soft, mellow light, easy on the eyes and at the same time so bright that it makes work by it as easy as by daylight. Since Mr. Cunningham took the agency for this light he has used a much better mantle than was used by the first agent who installed this light in Smethport and the result is that he now has one of the best gas burners on the market.

—Andrew B. Campbell, general manager of the B. B. & K. railroad, has resigned, to take effect Feb. 1. He will leave on Thursday for Buffalo, where he has been appointed chief clerk in the auditing department of the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad. Mr. Campbell will be succeeded by Ray S. Bullis, son of S. S. Bullis, owner of the road. Mr. Campbell's family will remain in this city for a time, or until he gets settled in his new position.—Bradford Era.

—The Poultry and Pet Stock show being held in Bradford this week is a great success. The Era of yesterday says that over 1000 people attended the exhibit on Tuesday. It also stated that among the prize winners of Tuesday was the Ideal Poultry Yards (John W. Waite, Smethport) took 1st and 2nd on White Orpington hen, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. Yesterday's Smethport prize winners were: M. L. Armstrong & Co. on White Plymouth Rocks 1st on pullet; J. W. Waite on White Plymouth Rocks, 1st cock and 1st hen; R. L. Wetenhall on R. C. Buff Leghorns, 1st hen, 1st cockerel, 3rd pullet, 1st hen, 1st pullet, 2nd pullet.

Mail Order Houses.

When the catalogue comes from your mail order house, draw an easy chair up to the table where the light will shine full on the page and put on your glasses that no bargain may escape your eye. You will miss some things you would be glad to see, and they are these:

Where is their offer to pay cash for wheat, oats, beans, hay, butter and eggs? How much do they pay for cattle, sheep and hogs, f. o. b. at your depot? How much tax will they pay to support your children, for improving roads and bridges, for the support of the county poor and for the expense of running the business of the township, state or county? On what page is their offer to contribute to the support of the church? In short will they do anything to provide a market for what you have to sell and thereby keep up the value of your property? Will they do anything for social, church, school or government support, or do they take dollars out of the community with no returns except the goods you buy?

After you have pondered over this take up your local newspaper, look over its pages and see which of the local firms are liberal enough to speak to you through an advertisement. These may be trusted above the mail order house; others you may have reason to question whether they are supporting their home institutions as they should.—Wellsboro Gazette.

C. L. S. C. Program for February.

Feb. 5. Roll call. Current Events. Greek Literature, Chap. I, Miss Rubin. Greek Art, Chap. I, Miss Biever. Modern Greece, Miss Day.

Feb. 12. Roll call. Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln. Greek Literature, Miss Mabel Day. Greek Art, Chap. II, Mrs. Brownell. Selections from Chinese Literature, Mrs. Bisett.

Feb. 19. Roll call. Incidents from Washington's Life. Greek Literature, Chap. III; Miss Day. Greek Art, Chap. III to page 93, Mrs. Masser. Select Reading from the Odessey, Miss Rubin.

Feb. 26. Roll call. Quotations from Longfellow. Greek Literature, Chap. IV, Miss Masser. Greek Art, Chap. III concluded, Mrs. Morrison. Tea, Mrs. Brownell.

Mar. 5. Roll call. Current Events Regarding China. Up the Yangtze to Thibet, Mrs. Richmond. In China's Ancient Holy Land, Mrs. Bisett. Pekin, Miss Mabel Day.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 27, 1906:

F. Friedman, Wallace Hendrickson, Harry M. Smith, T. R. Taylor, Mrs. Delia Wilson, J. Williamson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, of Washington, have a small memorandum book and diary for 1906 which they will send to mechanics, manufacturers or inventors for two cents postage.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Paying a Debt of Gratitude.

Mr. Mott Allen, foreman, Union City (Pa.) Chair Factory, says: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism for more than eight months; at times had to get up at 11 o'clock and stay up the balance of the night; could not dress myself without the aid of my wife, am now entirely cured, and by the use of only one 50c bottle of Crocker's Rheumatism Remedy.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

Personal Mention.

Rev. J. F. Dugan is visiting in Philadelphia.

Henry Sigel of Olean had business in town Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Maloney of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

Miss Katherine Cassidy of Ormsby is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Maurice Hongiville was over from Rixford Tuesday on business.

Harry Haley and Harold Backus walked to Bradford last night.

H. H. Hills of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Miss Lois Young has returned from a visit to friends in West Virginia.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison and W. B. Clarke attended the poultry show at Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. B. F. Wright returned Tuesday from an extended visit to her daughter in Independence, Kansas.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter Alberta, visited friends in Belmont, N. Y., from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin spent the past week with friends in Bradford. Mr. Corwin was there over Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Burdick leaves next week for an extended Eastern trip in hopes of finding relief from rheumatism.

Messrs. H. H. Redfield, J. W. Waite and R. L. Wetenhall are among those present at the Bradford poultry show to-day.

Mrs. E. P. Whelan and two children left last Wednesday for Hazelwood, a suburb of Pittsburg, where she joined her husband who has a position as motorman on the street railway.

Messrs. James A. McKean, John P. Devlin, Chas. McKean, E. H. Hungiville, E. T. Daly, T. F. Hungiville, M. S. Geary, T. H. Clark and the Rev. J. F. Dugan were in Ridgway Sunday in attendance at the institution of a lodge of Knights of Columbus.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, February 5.

THE GREAT

LAFAYETTE

And His Own Company

40 PEOPLE 40

PRESENTING

MYSTICAL SCENIC SENSATION

"THE LION'S BRIDE."

SEE

The Latest Novelties
The Savage Lion
The Gorgeous Scenery
The Re-Incarnation
The Show of Novelties, and

Greatest Musical Novelty of the Age

THE TRAVESTY BAND

20 SOLO MUSICIANS 20

Two Cars of Scenic Effects
Four Thoroughbred Horses

Prices 50c, 75c, $1.00

Seats now on sale at the Wells Drug Store.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU
WANT THE
BEST IN
CANNED
VEGETABLES
WE CAN
FURNISH YOU
WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

FINAL JANUARY CLEARANCE
. . . OF WINTER GOODS . . .

CLEARANCE is the keystone to almost unbelievable savings at this store.

For the January "price cutter" has left mere fractions of former prices on our dependable winter merchandise. Everything of a wintry nature is priced for a quick, decisive, lively selling.

It's time to make way for spring goods so we are offering exceptionally strong price inducements to lower them.

Here are a few price hints that are wonderful surprises—even from our well known standpoint of extreme lowness of price.

60 Cluett, Monarch and Premium Laundried Bosom Colored Shirts made from the best of materials. These makes you know have a national reputation for excellence. Patterns not all new of course.
All sizes now 28c

OUTING NIGHT GOWNS.
A good assortment of ladies' gowns in white and colors.
$1.00 values at 68c
50c values at 38c

WAISTS 1-3 off.
Everything in shirt waists must go now from cotton at 90c to fine silks at 6.75. The new prices are from 60c to $4.50.

SKIRTS 1-3 off.
A small lot of very desirable ready to wear skirts of this season's styles. At these prices you save from 1.00 to 2.50.
$1.85 to $5.00.

150 Shield Bows in assorted colors. To wear with turn down or folded collars. Regular 25c values. Now 13c

FURS
A saving of $1.50 to $6.00 on the newest furs is worth your attention. That's what the present prices mean each
$1.50 to $12.00.

DRESS GOODS
10c Skirtings at 20c
50c Suitings at 38c
75c Suitings at 55c
$1.00 Suitings at 75c.
$1.25 Cheviots at 78c

KNIT GOODS
25c Toques and Tams 17c
50c Toques and Tams 35c
25c Shawls and Tams 17c
50c Shawls and Tams 35c

FRY & COMES

Send him off to his work with a good breakfast
You can prepare it Easily and Quickly by using

THE UNIVERSAL FOOD CHOPPER

Hash for the family chopped in two minutes. Chops everything else with like rapidity.

At Best Hardware Stores

See that "UNIVERSAL" is on the machine you buy.

There are inferior Imitations.

THE GENUINE IS SOLD BY

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

Watches, Diamonds,
Jewelry, Clocks,
Cut Glass, Silver.
Lowest Prices.

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN

At the bench doing all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, Diamond setting and engraving. Satisfaction guarauteed.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

A Dream's Fulfillment

The Rector's Christmas Charity and What Came of It.

By SALLY CHAMBERLIN.

[Copyright, 1904, by Sally Chamberlin.]

BANG! Bang! Bang!

John Hare jumped from his warm bed into his dressing gown and slippers, switched on the electric light and was on the lower floor swinging wide the heavy, massive door before his eyes were fairly open. Through the blackness of the outer night peered the hard and forbidding faces of two roughly clad men. The taller man stated in gruff tones that his baby was dying and his wife wanted the child baptized.

In less than five minutes the young rector was dressed and back to the men, whom he had left sitting in the hall, and the three started out. The trip to the outskirts of the city through dark and strange streets was anything but pleasant. Finally reaching a little low cottage, set quite apart

IN HER PLACE SAT A GIRLISH FIGURE.

from any other dwellings and lighted by one small lamp which sent its rays through the narrow window, he followed the men through the door into a barely furnished room. On a cot in the corner lay a child, small and wasted, marked with death's stamp, and beside her sat the weeping mother. Some strange mystery haunted the room. What were these poverty stricken people trying to conceal? The clergyman shook off the feeling and opened his prayer book at the baptismal service.

Having performed his mission, accompanied by the two men, he was passing a clump of trees on his way home when one of them stopped suddenly and, pulling a long bladed knife from his pocket, flashed it before the young rector's face and instantly pointed it toward his heart. He uttered a piercing shriek.

* * * * * * * *

"Ugh!" said John Hare as the sound of his own voice wakened him and he sat up in bed. "What an ugly nightmare!" Then, with a look at his watch, "It is high time I was up anyway, with fifty parochial visits before me. I must make sure that not a single family has a cheerless Christmas tomorrow."

His eye caught the picture of a girl's face, gentle eyed, yet cheery, hanging in a frame on his wall. "And if there's any persuasion in John Hare's poor eloquence he won't have a cheerless nor a lonely Christmas the next 25th of December."

This young rector had come to Spottsfield, a rising manufacturing city, three years before, after serving as curate in a large city parish. He had transformed his new congregation from a disgruntled, quarreling community composed of a few rich and many poor to a great family interested in each other and respecting his Christlike principles. And incidentally his strict resolution for a busy bachelorhood had been somewhat disturbed by a pair of interested, laughing eyes which belonged to the daughter of a factory owner.

This energetic, but rather shy, young woman was famed and loved among the poor and sick of Spottsfield for her gentle and unpretentious way of helping when and where she was needed. Though of different faiths, she and John Hare met often while on excursions of mercy. He had seen her, too, at her father's home, where he was popular as a dinner guest because of his appreciation of a good cigar and his broad, forceful views on Christianity.

As he dressed that morning before the festive holiday he realized that the human heart cannot be denied its sustenance—one beating in touch and sympathy with it—and, that one fair girl had woven her charms about him so completely that he could no longer refrain from telling her of it, even though of late she had rather seemed to avoid him when he crossed her path and was even chary of her conversation when he dined at her house.

During the long busy day she was constantly brought to his mind in the homes he visited. A forlorn old woman told of the coming of Miss Ruth with yarn for the next year's knitting and a box of sweets. A grateful mother told of the nights Miss Ruth had stayed and nursed the baby back to life. In the poorer homes he heard of the baskets of Christmas goodies she had brought, with toys and warm mittens for the children.

It was 10 o'clock before the rector had finished the day's task, and when he reached home he threw himself, quite worn out, on the couch in the library. Not ten minutes seemed to have elapsed when the sound "Br-r-r-r!" through his sleep wakened him suddenly to the realization that some one was ringing the bell with the evident intention of rousing the entire household, and as he stepped into the hall to open the door he was amazed to see the hands on the old fashioned clock pointing to 1.

"Sir, we've come to get Mr. Hare. The baby's dying, and my wife wants a minister," announced one of the two men who stood on the step facing the tired rector.

The memory of his vivid nightmare had not recurred to him since the morning, but at the words "baby's dying" it all flashed before his mind, and he hesitated an instant with some misgivings. Quickly pulling himself together and throwing off the vision, he exclaimed:

"I'm Mr. Hare. Where is your baby?" In a harsh voice the larger of the two men mentioned the outskirts of the city, where the houses were small and few and widely scattered.

Again pushing aside the warning of his apparition, the rector dressed himself in warm overcoat and arctics and, locking the door behind him, bade the men lead the way. For several blocks an occasional house showed lights from top to bottom or a stray light in the second story gave evidence that an eager young'ster was awake examining Santa Claus' gifts. Then the houses became dark, and the three men trudged on through the gently falling snow. Hare's questions received but curt, abrupt answers, while the memory of his gruesome dream grew clearer with each step of the long dark walk till he reached the identical cottage of his nightmare, with one light shining through the window. A suggestion of cold perspiration stood on his forehead and a shiver ran down his spine as he thought of the sinister group and the suspicious and foreboding glances of the men in that dim scene which he had passed through before so realistically.

Entering the house behind the larger man, he looked instantly toward the corner for the cot and the child. They were there? The thin face of the child showed the same pallor of death, but the mother was not in the chair beside the bed. In her place sat a girlish figure, holding a vial in her delicate fingers.

"Thank you so much for coming," said a soft voice, and the Ruth of his day dreams lifted her eyes to his with a restful, shy glance of comfort and relief. "The mother never would have been consoled for her neglect in not having had her child baptized, and I felt so sure you would come, even though it was at this late hour."

So the dying baby received the blessing of the church, and as the sun rose between two distant hills the child passed into its Saviour's arms. Two hearts were peaceful from a sense of finished duty. Unconsciously radiant with joy at being together, the man and the girl passed from the low roofed cottage into the clear frosty air of the blue canopied earth with its fresh carpeting of pure white snow. A Christmas happiness such as they had never known before illuminated the world for these two alone in the snow clad woods.

It was some time before the young rector felt inclined to speak, and then it was to recount his nightmare with its realistic reproduction up to the point where he had found her beside the dying child.

"And the knife aimed at your heart—that must have been a dreadful dream!"

John Hare paused, holding her with his strong magnetic gaze.

"The knife is in your hand. If you cannot love me, your 'No' will be the deathblow to my hopes and ambitions."

She smiled up into his eyes and held out both hands.

"See—there is no knife."

Eight Millions For Toys.

The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gladden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at $8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of five to twelve year old children. The children of no other country on the globe have anything like so lavish an average amount of money expended for toys for them, not even the children of Germany—Germany, the home of toymaking and toy giving. Verily, indeed, the lot of the American child has been cast in the richest sort of clover when it comes to toy getting and not a few other things in the bargain.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jumping at a Conclusion.

Tommy—Santa Claus is coming to dinner tonight.

Elsie—Oh! How do you know?

Tommy—Ma told me a white haired old gentleman was coming and we'd have to be very good.

Christmas the Real Turkey Day.

Christmas, not Thanksgiving, is the real turkey day. Last Christmas Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces took care of about 1,500,000 more turkeys than they did on Thanksgiving.

Devonshire's Yule Log.

In Devonshire the Yule log is known as the Ashton fagot. The fagot is composed of a bundle of ash sticks bound with nine bands of the same wood.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

DEATH BY VIOLENCE

IT IS PAINLESS, AS A RULE, BECAUSE OF THE NERVOUS SHOCK.

The Exception—After the Loss of Blood, However, Is More Intense in the Suffering of the Victim—Effects of Falls—Deaths From Poisoning.

It is safe to say that violent death is painless. A person suffering from a great shock feels little or no pain, but if great loss of blood accompanies the accident then conditions are different, and the death thus resulting is one of intense pain. I have observed that pain varies inversely with the shock. The more violent the shock the less the pain, and, inversely, the less the shock the greater the pain. In cases where an arm or a leg is cut off by accident the injured person is apparently only stupefied and does not seem conscious of any pain or agony. When asked how he feels he usually answers, "Pretty well," showing that he does not suffer greatly. In the interval between the shock of the injury and death he is apt to appear dazed without losing consciousness.

If the accident and injury are more severe—say both limbs or arms are severed—then there is even a more noticeable absence of sensitiveness to pain.

On the other hand, abdominal injuries are followed by the most excruciating pains. A gunshot wound in the abdomen leaves the injured keenly alive to the acute suffering which comes with loss of blood. He is nervous, frightened, apprehensive and usually moans or cries out in his terror. Even though the wound may have been self inflicted, in almost every case of this kind the patient cries for relief and wants to live. The greater the loss of blood the more intense the pain. If by chance such a patient recovers after being at the point of death, he is apt to remember all his sensations following the shot. In cases of accidents to the arms, limbs or from falls which render the persons unconscious, where they do recover or become held, they have no recollection of the pain they suffered at the time of the accident or anything immediately preceding the blow or fall.

I had a case of a very painful and frightful accident one day. A man was brought into the hospital so mangled that he scarcely resembled a human being. An iron girder had fallen on him while he was at work on a building. It had crushed him horribly. His thighs were broken; his back was gashed and bruised so that his flesh fell away in great flaps. The man seemed to have no pain at all and no feeling in his body. I took hold of the flaps of flesh, but the injured creature appeared to feel nothing.

It is a popular fallacy that those who meet violent deaths lose consciousness before the shock of the blow, the fall or the shot comes. In cases of falling from a great height it is generally believed that the one who is sent flying to the earth below dies before striking the bottom or becomes unconscious of what is happening. That is not true. Unconsciousness does not come until the shock of unconsciousness is felt.

If death does not result at once, the brain loses all knowledge of what is going on or what happened before it received the blow. After concussion of the brain produced by a fall or a blow the individual seldom remembers anything connected with the accident.

Death from poisoning is one of the most violent means of ending life. The taking of carbolic acid, which is the commonest means of poisoning, is nothing short of horrible. While one might burn one's finger off with carbolic acid and not suffer any great pain, the effect would be different if it were taken internally. Up to the moment that death comes it is generally supposed that the pain is violent and acute. With some of the other poisons, such as strychnine, prussic acid, aleoline, etc., the intensity of the pain varies with the drug. In the case of strychnine, for example, the person lapses into a state of opisthotonos, which is accompanied by violent spasms. The mind remains absolutely clear and keenly alive to the pain till death, which is said to be nothing short of terrific, comes. Opisthotonos is a condition where the patient rests in the head or whatever he is lying on, on the back of his head and his heels, with the muscles of the body rigid. This condition is one of the symptoms of strychnine poisoning, as it is of some of the other alkaloids which produce so called tetanic convulsions.

Generally speaking, death from burning is most painful, but there are occasions when it is almost instantaneous.—Alexander B. Johnson, M. D., in New York Herald.

Fantastic Earth Pyramids.

In the Austrian Tyrol, and especially near the town of Botzen, there are numerous groups of fantastic earth pyramids, whose history forms a most curious lesson in popular science. The summit of the pyramids represents what was at one time the surface of a rolling sea, debris of a glacier, and on this were scattered rough bowlders of stone. In time and come tornado, cloudburst or gradually eat away the hard red earth except where it was protected by a big stone. In these cases of course, the rain could do nothing else than leave a long slender pyramid; but at last when the stone fell off and the apex of the pyramid was left bare it would be first worn to a point and then gradually eaten downward by the heavy rains of winter, spring and autumn. Some of the groups of pyramids near Botzen look exactly like mediaeval castles or powerful and ancient strongholds, with their great crumbling towers, mighty walls and commanding positions on rugged precipices looking down over lovely valleys.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

IN THE NITRATE COUNTRY

Industry of the Barren, Dusty Deserts of South America.

In his "Cousin Pons: A Traveler In South America" Frank Vincent writes: "We stopped at a number of the nitrate towns—Pisagua, Iquique, Antofagasta—and I visited some of the mills, or officinas, in order to see something of the industry. Deposits of the crude nitrate of soda, called here 'caliche,' are found in the pampa, or rolling plateau, beyond the first range of foothills. In some places this plateau is but ten miles from the coast, in others as far as fifty miles. The pampa is an utterly barren desert. On the surface there is nothing to tempt the heart of man, but a few feet down lies the nitrate stratum. This presents much the appearance of rock salt and varies in color, according to the purity of the deposit, from a whitish tint to a dark gray. The upper earth is blown away with dynamite, and then the caliche is dug out with pick and shovel, loaded on iron carts and carried up to the mills.

"Here the caliche is first broken into small pieces by heavy crushers and then put into large boiling vats. Inside these vats are coils of steam pipes, by means of which the temperature can be regulated accurately. Sea water is poured in, and the caliche is boiled for a certain time. The liquid solution that results is drawn off into settling vats, which are exposed to the open air and the sun. Evaporation is rapid, and the pure nitrate of soda soon begins crystallizing and settling to the bottom. After this has gone on for some time the remaining liquid is drawn off and the crust of nitrate is scraped from the sides and bottom of the vat and thoroughly dried in the sun. Then it is graded according to quality and packed for shipment in 100 pound sacks.

"Most of the nitrate exported is used as a fertilizer, but a part goes to the manufacture of powder and high explosives. The nitrate towns are even barrer and drier and less inviting than most of the other bare, dry towns of the coast. To some of them fresh water is brought in pipes from a distance of more than 100 miles. Before the day of those pipes it used to be sold in the streets by the gallon. That water even now, though not scarce, yet is not plentiful, is perhaps some excuse for the awful dust that blows everywhere."

THE DEVIL'S CODE.

Legend of a Monk, Satan and a Quick Night's Work.

Stockholm's public library contains a wonderful work which is called "The Devil's Code" and which, in addition to its extraordinary name, is said to be the biggest manuscript in the world. Every letter is most beautifully drawn, and the magnitude of the work is so great that it seems impossible for any single monk to have done it.

The story of the origin of the manuscript, however, not only gives it as the work of one man, but also states it to be the work of a single night. The story runs as follows:

"A poor monk had been condemned to death, but was told mockingly by his judges that if he was able to copy the whole 'Code' between darkness and dawn he would be saved. Relying upon the impossibility of the task, those who sentenced him furnished him with the original copy of the 'Code,' with pen, ink and parchment, and left him.

"Death must have been as little liked in the middle ages as it is now, for the monk, forgetting the hopelessness of his task, commenced it. Before long, however, he saw that he could not save his own life by such weak exertions, and, fearing a cruel and horrible death, he invoked the aid of the prince of darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in the task.

"The devil kindly obliged by appearing on the spot, accepted the contract and sat down to the work, and next morning 'The Devil's Code' was finished, the monk being found dead. The copying clerk from the infernal regions presumably died away with the poor man's soul as soon as the wicked compact was finished."—Pearson's Weekly.

Embarrassing.

A New York judge, speaking of a mistake that had been made, said: "It might have been embarrassing as embarrassing as the position of a young man of Toledo whom I heard about the other day. He had been calling now and then on a young lady, and one night as she sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were. He turned very red and was about to stammer some indecent reply when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs, 'Mamma, mamma, that is not the one!'"

Remembered the Text.

A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know it all right," she asserted. "Well, repeat it," her questioner demanded. "Don't be afraid and I will get you a bedquilt," was the astonishing answer. Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been, "Fear not, and I will send you a comforter."—Kansas City Journal.

End of His Dream.

"I thought you said you were going to have a den in your new house?"

"Yes, I did expect to, but after it had gone so far that we couldn't change things my wife discovered that she would need another closet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A great lie is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.—Crabbe.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

HOUSEHOLD FILTERS.

Unless Frequently Cleaned They Are a Source of Danger.

The fact that intestinal diseases, such as typhoid fever, cholera, dysentery, diarrhea and so forth, are commonly transmitted through contaminated water makes it seem advisable to print a word of warning regarding the use of domestic water filters.

The most prevalent method of purifying water supplies on a [illegible] systems of sand filter beds through which the water percolates through a layer of fine sand [illegible] in thickness. Cities [illegible] such plants report a [illegible] in their health [illegible] use of the danger [illegible] from the water supply [illegible] while [illegible] however, [illegible] the germs [illegible] owing to their ability to pass a certain amount of coloring matter and floating materials, but is usually [illegible] they fall far short of the necessary degree of efficiency and may even be directly a source of added danger apart from the false sense of security they inspire.

Unless such filters are very frequently taken apart and thoroughly cleansed bacteria are apt to pass through freely and even to multiply in the filter itself, so that the number of germs in the water that is drawn off may actually be increased instead of diminished.

There is but one safe way for the consumer to deal with a doubtful water supply. If enough suspicion attaches to the water to make the use of a filter seem desirable the conditions are such that halfway measures are out of place and only absolute sterilization can be considered. Every drop of such water intended for table use should be thoroughly boiled. The flat taste of water treated in this way is due to the fact that the dissolved air is expelled from it by the heat, but by placing it in bottles only three-quarters full and shaking well enough air will be taken up to restore the palatability. The bottles may then be placed in the refrigerator to be cooled, for of course the ice is just as likely to be as bad as the water, and there is no use in purifying the water if dirty ice is to be put into it.—Youth's Companion.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chorpe, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devitt, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bradford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Engberg, Jas. McKean, A. J. Addy, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Kapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gerton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cheney, A. H. Fidler.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Burlingame.

[illegible] DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HOMER H. REDFIELD, W. M.
N. E. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at 1. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 382, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:03 a. m. week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora, and Buffalo 1:30 p. m. week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Rushburg Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 2:00 p. m. and 5:25 p. m.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive			
Bradford	9:20		6:15
Mt. Jewett	8:55	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:05	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:30		4:05
Kane	7:00	10:15	3:00
Mt. Jewett	7:33	11:20	6:08
	a. m.		

Arriving at Smethport at 8:00 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.
Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. E. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern
Effective Nov. 20, 1905.
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:25	8:14	Hornellsville	Ar	9:30	5:50	
6:05	8:26	Arkport		9:25	5:38	
		Burns				
6:47	8:50	Hornellsville Jc		9:14	5:57	
6:54	8:42	Canisteo		9:07	5:30	
6:59	8:48	Greenwood		9:02	5:25	
7:10	8:59	Swains		8:48	5:16	
7:28	9:17	Bridsall		8:29	4:57	
7:35	9:30	Angelica		8:05	4:33	
8:22	10:23	Friendship		7:37	4:05	
8:50	10:48	Bolivar	Lv	7:05	3:32	
5:40	11:26	Olean			2:52	10:23
6:27		Eldred				9:36
6:50		Larabee				9:28
7:18		Smethport				9:02
8:00		Mt. Jewett				8:10
9:50		St. Marys		A 4:50		6:20
	10:07	Shawmut		2:11		
	A 10:12	Brockwayville		Lv 2:04		
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:30	7:35	Wayland	Ar 10:25	5:45	6:55
3:39	11:39	7:45	Perkinsville	10:15	5:36	6:52
3:43	11:43	7:52	Rogersville	10:22	5:49	5:45
3:47	11:47	7:56	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	5:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	5:23	6:23
			Burns			
4:11	11:41	7:50	Arkport	9:54	5:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:00	Hornellsville	Lv 9:41	5:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
Leave; Arrive; Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.35	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.35	9.15
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	"	1.57	Carpenter	"	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.31
"	"	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	"
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.47
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.4
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.01
6.40	6.17	1.20	Coleburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.25
6.15	"	1.05	N. Coudersp't	"	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.06	1.25
"	"	12.13	Hammond	"	"	"
4.05	7.30	12.00	Olmsted	8.31	6.05	1.37
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.50	1.37
3.45	"	11.59	Knowlton	"	6.17	"
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.10	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	"	11.41	Coleman	"	6.34	"
3.20	"	"	Chem. Wrks	"	"	"
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

"—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.
The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.
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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Her Perfect Indifference

By Louise J. Strong

Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Eastment

"Why, Stella, where is your ring?" Daisy seized the hand that was slipping itself under the bonbon box as if to conceal its nakedness.

"Returned to the jeweler at a discount likely, or whatever fellows do with discarded engagement rings," Stella laughed, with some constraint.

"You don't mean to say that you and Ned"—

"Yes, I do!" Stella interrupted. "You might as well know it; everybody will soon."

"I couldn't be more astonished if the sky had fallen! Why, you and Ned were the most utterly"—

"Appearances are often deceitful," Stella observed, with a wise air, interrupting again. "I suppose you thought I was well, as they say—entirely gone on Ned."

"That's right! Might one ask the why fore?"

"One might. We simply found that we were mistaken in our interest in each other. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Sufficient, if true. But I don't believe it—not a little bit! Why, it there were ever a pair of turtle"—

"You can believe it or not, but I am entirely and perfectly indifferent to Mr. Ned Whiting—and he returns it fully."

"I don't believe it, when you two were so intensely devoted to—it's only a silly quarrel."

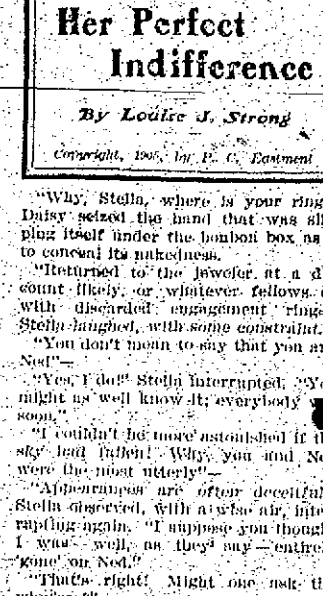
"We did not quarrel," Stella asserted coldly. "And if you have observed his conduct with that plain, jolly Lewis girl you cannot say much for his devotion to me."

"I shouldn't call her exactly plain, though she isn't a beauty. And there may be reasons—besides, he has not been so very."

"He has been so very that you have noticed it, I see," Stella interrupted sarcastically.

"But she is visiting in town and has not many acquaintances here. I doubt if Ned has been more than polite. Did he explain?"

"There was nothing to explain—there was absolutely nothing he could say



THERE SAT—OR WAS IT HIS SPIRIT?

for himself, as I told him when he attempted it. I asked him to drop her, and if he had cared half as much for me as he professed to care he wouldn't have hesitated an instant. But of course it doesn't matter at all. I care as little for him as he does for me, really. I did not realize till this happened my indifference to him." She yawned elaborately, then added, with animation: "I am going on the loveliest trip with Charley in his new auto. I told Bell Smith all about it on purpose. I knew Mr. Whiting would hear of it." Her eyes snapped triumphantly.

"Your ring was too exquisite," Daisy murmured regretfully. "Think of Laura Lewis carrying off such a trophy when she goes home!"

"I wonder if he will give it to her!" Stella started up angrily. "I would have pounded it to pieces before his face if I had dreamed of such a thing!" Then at Daisy's smile she leaned back, yawning again. "But of course it's nothing to me. Let her wear her old secondhand rings if she likes!"

"Secondhand rings is good. I'll look out that the one I'm offered is not such," Daisy laughed.

"Well"—

Stella's rejoinder was cut short by her small brother, who burst upon them excitedly, yelling: "Stell! Stell! What do you think! Ned Whiting's bicycle smashed into—where's mother? I've got to"— He vanished, heedless of the wild shrieks with which Stella received his news.

"Oh, Billie! Billie! Is he killed? Is my Ned killed? Billie! Billie!"

But Billie was flying down the street again. Evidently a terrible accident had befallen Ned Whiting. Stella fluttered about, wringing her hands, moaning: "Oh, Ned, Ned! Dead this minute—when I've been saying such horrible things of you—and lies, too, every one of them!"

She suddenly snatched a hat and dashed away, oblivious of her kimono and slippers. She reached the corner just in time to be pulled aboard the crowded car, dizzy and breathless.

"Near thing," the man next her remarked, examining her unusual attire curiously. "Hustling to see the game?"

"It's a matter of life and death!" she sobbed hysterically. Exclamations of sympathy buzzed about her. One held her hat while she put up her hair. Another offered to stop the car at her destination.

Where would Ned be? She had not thought of that. Not away out at his home on the other side of the city, there had not been time to remove—she could not finish the thought. She would go to his office. There seemed no other way of—

She gazed in wide eyed horror as they swept into the vicinity. All was quiet, no commotion, not a sign of any accident. She could not wait for the elevator boy, but flew up the stairs and into the office. There sat—or was it his spirit? She dropped into a chair and stared dumbly at the astonished young man a moment, then tumbled over in a faint.

Frightened almost out of his senses, Ned carried her to the couch. It seemed to him that nothing short of the annihilation of her home and family could account for her tumultuous appearance in such garb and her utter collapse.

"Oh, Ned," she whispered weakly, rousing under his ministrations, "I thought you were killed! Billie said your bicycle—and— Oh, are you sure, sure that you are alive and uninjured?" She pulled herself up and considered him anxiously.

"Billie! The little rascal! I wasn't touched. The wheel is smashed, but he knew I—it is one of his tricks! Just let me get hold of him, scaring you like this!"

She remembered suddenly and made an effort to release herself, donning a freezing dignity. He laughed and held her closer.

"Miss Mayrie, I don't believe you do hate me so entirely as you imagined you did. Please let me put the ring upon that dear little finger again, and let me tell you that Laura and Cousin Dick—but it is a secret yet, and he asked me to pay her some attention while here."

"Oh!" Stella ejaculated shamefacedly, her eyes on the circle sparkling in its old place.

"We were a couple of idiots! Billie served us right. We ought to thank him," Ned declared.

"Yes," she murmured humbly.

Baked Beans.

It is not necessary to add pork to a dish of baked beans, and those who entertain a prejudice against the meat of the scrofulous pig may well substitute a lump of butter. Measure out a quart of white pea beans. Put them to soak overnight in three quarts of cold water. The orthodox method of baking them is in an original pipkin of earthenware, with a handle and cover. In the morning drain them and rinse them thoroughly in clear cold water. Then put them back in the pipkin in which they have been soaking, add a cubic spoonful of salt, an even tablespoonful of molasses and a teaspoonful of mustard. Stir all thoroughly around in the pot. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter down the center of the beans. Cover them with cold water, so that it rises two inches above them. Put them in a hot oven at 8 o'clock in the morning and let them cook steadily till 5 in the afternoon, renewing the water as often as it boils off them. Let them brown down in the pot the last hour, and they will be done at 6 o'clock.—New York Tribune.

Making It Pleasant for Them.

Aunt Abigail had consented at last to give her house an external treatment for chronic shabbiness.

The painters did a good job, finishing the front steps last, but forgot to put a board across the balusters to keep persons from running up or down the steps, and the good dame did not observe the oversight.

While she was clearing away the supper dishes an hour or two after the painters had gone there came a ring at the front door bell.

Aunt Abigail, full of wrath, hastened to the door and opened it.

There stood the pastor and his wife.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter," she said, with a frosty smile. "I'm delighted to see you, but I just knew somebody would come up those freshly painted steps before they were dry. Come right in and make yourselves at home, and don't forget, for goodness' sake, to wipe your feet on this mat inside!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Helpful Word.

Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dews and sunbeams, vines that climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Be it the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.

Cadogan and His Wife.

Dr. Cadogan, a noted physician in the days of Charles II., married a lady several years older than himself. She proved to be jealous and accused him in the presence of his friends of giving her poison to kill her in order that he might marry some one else. He told her she was mistaken and to convince her assured the company that they were quite welcome to open her and see whether she had been poisoned.

FLOWERS IN JAPAN.

Even the Beggar Will Spend His Last Coin For a Blossom.

Americans and Europeans may have a love for flowers, but the people of Japan show in many ways that flowers find a much larger place in their hearts than in those of any other people. From the members of the royal family to the poorest beggar in the streets the love seems to be innate. In the palaces of Tokyo there are exquisite vases of every description, which are daily filled with rare blossoms. But the peasant in his paper hut is quite as particular to fill his bamboo vases with some blossom. Should one chance to stay at a hotel more than twenty-four hours he will find fresh flowers every day to replenish those which greeted him on his arrival. Even the tall naked rocky hill will have a flower of some kind stuck behind a rock. At every corner and along the streets there are numerous flower merchants, and it is seldom that a Japanese beggar will hesitate to part with his last coin to purchase a blossom. Parents choose flower names for their daughters, and a Japanese lady always adapts her person with the flowers which are appropriate to the season.

No visitor to the land of the cherry blossom festival has failed to describe this most important occasion. The opening of the season is the blooming of this flower, and it is a national holiday. Thousands of people, dressed in their best, wander about all day under the arch of overhanging rose red trees, refreshing themselves with tea or rice while at the tea houses or buying souvenirs of the occasion at the many little shops erected for the day. Each owner of a cherry orchard has his own private festival and sends out invitations ornamented with cherry blossoms to his especial friends. All sorts of games are played and in the evening thousands of lanterns are hung on the trees. The royal court invites the nobility and the diplomatic corps to a grand garden party. It is also the season for family picnics, which are looked forward to through the year by the humbler classes. Only too soon is the cherry blossom festival at an end.

The egg [illegible] is not intended to be eaten, but their value is simply in the blossom. It is the most luxuriant flower of all and of such importance that before the bursting of the blossoms the fact is advertised in all the local papers. The cherry tree sometimes grows as tall as an oak, and during the time of bloom it is so laden with flowers that at a vantage of leaf is visible. The flowers have also a singular and [illegible] fragrance.

Japanese dress [illegible] a pretty custom of making their dresses correspond to the flowers which are in season. At the cherry blossom festival she wears a kimono embroidered with the flower so much in evidence then. When the azalea comes this garment is replaced with one covered with effective sprays of the variicolored azaleas, and this in turn gives way before the wistaria and chrysanthemum.

In the arrangement of their flowers the people of Japan show great artistic taste. Each separate bud is allowed its chance to be admired. A single flower held by a crystal vase makes a feast for the eyes which is not forthcoming when dozens of the blossoms are crowded together and their individual charm entirely lost.

Art of Getting Off Cars.

"I have been trying to discover what your system is in helping women off the car," said the man on the back platform to the conductor. "I thought at first that you assisted only elderly women. Then, when I saw you help three or four young women I thought perhaps it was their good looks that appealed to your gallantry. But you knocked that theory in the head when you assisted that sour faced, homely creature. What is your system, anyway?"

"It's very simple," replied the conductor. "I help only those women who seem to need assistance. The others I don't bother with. I know the minute a woman rises in the car whether she is the sort who will need my help in alighting or is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. If a woman marches to the door the minute she signals for the car to stop and then grabs the door jamb so she won't be thrown at the sudden jar stopping, I know she will get off with her face to the front and needs no help. But if she rises just as the car is about to stop and lurches and bumps along to the door, I know she needs a helping hand, whether she be young or old, pretty or homely, for if left to herself she will get off backward."—New York Press.

An Achievement.

Judge Thatcher of Mississippi was an obstinate bachelor and rather prided himself upon having resisted the charms of lovely women when on all sides his friends had fallen victims to the insidious arrows of fate. He was a solemn looking man, but with plenty of dry humor in his nature. He had a pleasant home, over which his relatives sometimes presided. Upon one occasion a lady called on some charitable errand, and, the servants being out for the moment, the judge answered the bell. The caller, who was a stranger, asked for the madam.

In a grave and deliberate voice the judge replied, "There is no madam."

The stranger instantly detected a sorrow and spoke with sympathy in look and voice: "Alas, I see! Pardon me—a bereavement."

This was too much for the bachelor pride of the judge, who felt that he could not be worsted of his years of victorious solitude, so with triumphant remembrance he shouted with joy and animation, "No, madam, not a bereavement, an achievement, thank heaven—an achievement!"

SHE CHANGED HER MIND

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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Marion rode at an angry gallop. The dust was thick and the heat intense even for July—no weather for riding. The girl wore a neat blue gown, and a wide straw hat shaded her golden hair and clouded blue eyes. As she passed the hayfield, midway between her father's farm and Jim Bradley's, Jim himself stepped to the road and motioned her to stop. She feigned the rough bay colt was unmanageable and pushed her face with a wisp of hay as she held it on her arm. She gave him no chance to speak.

"Now, don't say anything. I shall ride whatever horse I please. See how quiet he is, anyway. Well, suppose I am killed? Then you will be free to marry Agnes, since you seem to like her so well. You can ride with her every day. You are free now, for that matter!"

She knew it was an unjust remark, but nothing had the upper hand.

Jim Bradley was every inch a man, tall and good looking. His dark eyes flashed, and his jaw set. He had seen Marion in a temper before. He tried to explain.

"But, dearest, she only overtook me on my way to town. It was not planned by either of us, and I have always known her, as I have you. Would you have me tell her you did not allow me to ride a mile with a neighbor? Where's the harm? You know whom I love, dear."

"She's always after you. She's in love with you. She"—

"No, she is not, but if she were ought you to be angry with me? And even then should you blame her? You love me yourself, don't you? Come, dear, be reasonable. Let me lead the [illegible] home. And, if you must ride and get a sunstroke, get it on a safe horse." His masterful air of possession irritated her as much as it ordinarily pleased her.

"I don't love you. I hate you! Come on, Prince!" She gave the reins a little slap, and the colt darted and snorted wildly. Jim caught him by the bridle. He spoke with repressed anger.

"Well, love me or not, you shall get down! You shan't break your neck just to break my heart. You know plenty of other ways of doing that. Prince has not been saddled half a dozen times, and I know your father does not allow you to ride him, though I set up an old hand at horses. And you know perfectly well that Agnes is nothing but a friend. She cares nothing for me. She's a nice girl"—

"That's an stand up for her, Jim Bradley! She told Sue Field that she would take you from me, and she's done it. Not that I care—much. Let Prince go, I say!"

"I will not. I shall take you down and have your father forbid you to mount him. She is only trying to make trouble. Agnes never said or thought a thing like that."

Marion sat quietly a moment, as if to obey his command to dismount. Her eyes were wide, her cheeks glowing. He dropped the bridle and came to reach his arms up for her. Then suddenly the demon of pride seized her again. She gave Prince a cut that sent him out of Jim's reach with one bound. "Goodby," she called. "You are free. I wouldn't marry you if you—I would have to be dead and come to life again before I would say I love you!"

The horse was off at an unruly gallop. Jim was angry, but his heart stood still as he watched the little blue figure riding away so lightly. Untrustworthy as he knew the colt to be, she seemed to have him under fine control. She could tame anything but her own temper; it was a way she had. Perhaps her own unruly spirit made the conquest of others easy. Of all her suitors—and she was much sought—only Jim had ever held his own and refused to bow utterly under the yoke of her will. That was why she loved him and quarreled with him—and had always come back to him. He was the stronger, and, while at times she resented his power over her, she also gloried in it. This was the worst she had ever done—defied him, broken her promise to marry him, risked her life to wring his heart.

He watched horse and girl fly from him over the level road. Then he shouldered his pitchfork, walked swiftly to her father's place, entered the deserted barnyard—the men were all in the fields—closed the open barn door and waited with set jaw.

Meantime Marion and the colt were having a grand ride past grain lands and groves and farmhouses, flying past meadow and hayfield. The brisk motion, the wind in her face, cooled the girl's anger a little and made her ashamed. She thought with a pang that she had gone too far this time—that she could never make it up with Jim now she had been a fool.

Then she remembered coming back from shopping with Sue and meeting him riding gayly to town with Agnes Sutherland, with whom she had warred from the A B C's up. Jim had always had a fondness for her. Her wrath rose again, and she twitched the bridle. Prince was tired and beginning to be a bit sulky and nervous. With horsewomanly instinct she humored without yielding to him, let him drink at a roadside trough and turned his head for home.

As they reached Field's farm she noticed preparations for thrashing going on. The great red thrasher stood waiting for the engine, and men and horses were standing all about the conical yellow stacks. She came from the house [illegible] to look on, which she did [illegible] the [illegible] a while, then rode on. Jim might meet it. Let him do so on that crazy colt. I don't care. I don't see how Jim allows it!" Marion's face flamed.

"What has he to say? I am not engaged to him any more. I"—

She gasped, then, with remorse—too late, as usual—remembered what she had told her friend on the way from town that day.

"Marion, you weren't ever fool enough not to know I was joking? What Agnes really said was that Jim was so silly about you he didn't hear what she said half the time. Oh, May, I'm so sorry!"

But Marion did not wait. She rode away.

Prince settled into an ugly, obstinate gallop, swerving and jolting.

They were nearing the crossing when an unearthly shriek made Marion look up to see the thrasher engine approaching. She urged Prince on, trying to reach the corner where the road turned toward home before the machine came closer. Her hands trembled, but she remembered that it is fatal to lose nerve with an unruly horse.

Prince shorted, laid back his ears, but went on well enough. They were almost at the corner when the fiendish shriek came again.

The colt took the bit in his teeth and bolted in utter terror. Marion knew her danger and kept her head as they turned the corner. She let her hat go, and the wind whipped her long hair back like a yellow banner. She spoke to the colt soothingly, patted his neck, tried to get the bit from his teeth—all in vain. They were still a mile from home and going so fast that the motion was as easy as the rocking of a cradle. If they met no teams and he kept to the road all might yet be well, but the knight threw her. He swerved at the bridge and nearly dragged her against the railing.

She felt cold perspiration on her face. It seemed like the end of things. She thought of Jim—all he had been, all he was to her, what she had said to him—and now she might—never be able to say she was sorry, that she loved him—get him to forgive her. She recalled a baby prayer, a little brother long dead, thought of her mother's face when they would take her home. As they neared the house she remembered that she had not weeded the pansy bed. Everything wavered strangely in her mind.

As they passed the windows she saw her little sister's baby face.

As the colt tore around the corner to the gate and into the yard she grew cold with horror. She had left the barn door open. He would make for his stall and crush her. It went suddenly dark before her, and her head swam. Jim—she wanted to call his name, but could not. He would have saved her, she thought.

Against the closed door stood a brimming pail of cold water. As Prince stopped with a jerk that threw Marion from her seat Jim Bradley came quietly up. She was hanging by all her senses, that had caught on the pommel. Only a quick hand and a steady one could have disengaged her as he did. He drew her into the shade and held her close.

She opened her eyes and looked up into his white face. It was like heaven to her.

"Jim!" she said. "Jim!"

"Are you hurt—are you hurt? Marion, are you all right?" She drew a long breath, stood up and walked a step to show him she was uninjured. Then she went close to him and put her hands on his shoulders. Her face was very serious.

"Jim," she said, "I have changed my mind." He saw a queer little light in her eyes and was wary.

"About what—Prince?"

"About you. Couldn't you—ask me if I—love you? I think that I wouldn't have to lie to say—yes." Jim tried to get hold of her, but she held off.

"I want to tell you what I think of myself. Don't you speak. I am a horrid little—beast. Yes, I did say 'beast.' Will you—take me back?" Jim thought he would.

Thackeray's Disfigured Nose.

That George Venables, Thackeray's schoolmate, was not entirely responsible for the novelist's disfigured nose is to be gathered from the autobiography of Sir Wemyss Reid. On one occasion, when both Venables and Reid were visiting Lord Houghton, Reid bluntly asked his fellow guest who broke Thackeray's nose.

"It was winter, and we were walking in Indian file through the woods. As I put this question to Venables he suddenly stopped and, turning around, glared at me in a manner that instantly revealed the terrible truth to my alarmed intelligence. He continued to glare for several seconds, and then, apparently perceiving nothing but innocent confusion, not unmixed with alarm, on my face, his features became relaxed into a more amiable expression. 'Did anybody tell you,' he said slowly and with solemn emphasis, 'to ask me that question?' I could truthfully say that nobody had done so. My answer seemed to mollify Venables at once. 'Then, if nobody put you up to asking that question, I don't mind answering it. It was I who broke Thackeray's nose. We were only little boys at the time and quarreled over something and had the usual fight. It wasn't my fault that he was disfigured for life. It was all the fault of some wretched doctor. Nowadays a boy's nose can be mended so that nobody can see that it has ever been broken. Let me tell you,' he continued, 'that Thackeray never showed me any ill will for the harm I had done him, and I do not believe he felt any.'"

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A SELFISH MAN.

The Prayer He Addressed to the Throne of Jove.

[illegible] example of a [illegible] but none [illegible] is better than "Hodges of Ancient Trackney." "O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake, and, as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills and make all my debtors good men. Give prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, for cause I have insured it, and, as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou will not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion which will be mine on the death of that [illegible] young man. Sir, I. L. Keep my friends from sinking and preserve me from thieves and housebreakers and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interest and never cheat me out of my property night or day."

THE CHINESE MOTHER.

She Is Steadfast In Affection For Her Children.

The Chinese mother is very fond of her children. She is happy in their company and spends much time caring for them. In a Chinese family the birth of a child is a greater event than with other orientals. Long before the child is born the mother performs rites and ceremonies to propitiate the gods that her child may be a boy. After birth, the little fellow is wrapped in old rags and in winter is sometimes put in a bag of sand sewed close around his neck to keep the little one warm. Great rejoicing follows the birth if the child is a boy; otherwise there is an air of chastened disappointment. But good Chinese parents make the best of their little lassies, becoming very fond and even proud of them. I have known more than one Chinese father to exhibit his toddling woe girl for approval, though always with the customary national verbal deprecation of what belongs to one. Indeed, this evidence of excessive courtesy may be found everywhere in this strange land. It is good form to vilify what is mine and laud what is thine. "My good for nothing family are all still trotting the earth with their presence. How is your honorable family?"—Pilgrim.

MUMMIES.

Some That Do Not Come From the Tombs of the East.

Many persons who have an interest in archeology will be surprised to know that all the mummies to be seen in museums have not been taken from faraway tombs in Egypt or other eastern lands. Well preserved mummies have occasionally been taken from the ruins of the cliff dwellers in the mountain canyons of Arizona and in New Mexico and southern California. These mummies, though very poor specimens of the mummifying art, are considered great treasures by scientists, because they give the anthropologist a vague idea of the strange people who had the earliest civilization on the American continent. The best of them are almost entirely ignorant of who the Aztecs and Toltecs were, how they looked and lived and why they have been so entirely obliterated from the face of the earth.

The reason for this ignorance is found in the fact that no satisfactory remains of the dead Aztecs have been found. These people were cremationists, and they probably buried household effects with the dead, leaving little or nothing for the scientist to build a theory upon. Frequently a party of explorers in the valleys of Arizona will come upon sealed jars of burned bone dust.

Flowers In the Shade.

It is not unusual to hear a complaint that one's yard has no sun, and therefore flowers cannot be raised. But there are a large number of flowers that prefer shade to sunshine in summer. The begonia is of this class. Those who have north walls or fences may have great beauty during the summer by setting out the different kinds of begonias. Even the gloxinia, the achimenes and similar hothouse plants bloom splendidly throughout the summer season when grown on the north side of walls.

Keppel's Recipe For Health.

Meeting me in a bitter east wind one day in Piccadilly on his way to church, Keppel asked how Mr. Gladstone was. I told him he was very ill. "Ah," he said, "he is overnursed. If he would do as I do, climb up eighty steps, have a cold bath every day and sleep with his window always open, he would never be ill."—Memoir of Sir Henry Keppel.

Foot In It Again.

Mr. Brakes—Who is that sour looking dame over there? Mr. Grubbins—Sir, she has the misfortune to be my wife. Mr. Brakes—Oh—ah—er—indeed, sir, the misfortune is—er—all yours, I'm sure!—Cleveland Leader.

Possible to All.

She (philosophically)—Do you think it is easy to die? He (commonplace)—Well, a lot of very stupid people have managed to do it.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.—Seneca.

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THE GIRL AT THE Y

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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The up express was due to pass at 1 o'clock, but it did not stop. Graham would not have been in the office at all, only he had some money in the safe and had received orders by wire to sleep in the station that night.

He did not know how much there was. It had come in a sealed package, locked in a small pouch. He knew it was pay day on the new branch then building on the 1st, and this was the 31st.

"Why can't they send a pay car?" asked Graham of himself.

"Too confounded risky," he muttered.

The hours dragged slowly, but Graham found some solace in thinking of Miss Delaine.

Miss Delaine was from Chicago. She was visiting the daughter of Silas Jones, whom she had met at school.

Miss Jones was tall, big and strong; Miss Delaine was dainty.

Miss Jones, with the advantage of her boarding school years, dressed well; Miss Delaine dressed better.

Graham had unkindly felt a peculiar sensation when Miss Delaine got off the local at Naomi. He knew that Silas was going to have company. He had no idea the company was built more on the fleeting vision plan than any other.

"If Silas don't feed that girl up he will be all out of company," Graham had said. "She's almost gone now."

Graham was a husky fellow and had been at Naomi two months when Miss Delaine appeared. As Graham boarded with Silas he had an opportunity to study her well.

"No more turkey hunts while she's here," he grumbled to himself.

Miss Delaine took the grumble out of him when she proposed a shoot, and the three went to the scrubs, and Miss Delaine brought down five to his three and Miss Jones one.

Miss Delaine proved to have more get up and get in her diminutive body than Graham acknowledged in his five feet ten. She could box big Miss Jones, all over the barn floor, she could climb a cherry tree in a light summer frock and come down as neat as she went up; she could swim better than Miss Jones and dive as deep as Graham.

She could play the most charming waltzes and sing the prettiest songs. She had not been at Naomi two weeks before she was singing in the choir, and Graham made the harrowing discovery that he sang bass.

So on this night Graham consoled himself by thinking gloomy thoughts about Miss Delaine.

"I'd be a fool to ask her and a brute to expect her to accept if I did ask." He said this with almost a groan. "Why couldn't it have been Fan?" Fan was Miss Jones. "But, no; she'll marry Larkins, and if Miss Delaine was poor I'd marry her."

He knew she was rich. She had often spoken about "our railroad." James Delaine was president of the Q. and B.

Disconsolate, he smoked his pipe. He wondered how much money there was in the safe. He knew the payroll must be long.

He had read last Sunday's paper a dozen times and gone off to sleep and nearly fallen off the chair which he had tilted back. He had left the door open for air. The night was warm.

"Hello there, young feller!" came a voice. He turned toward the door and looked into the barrel of a big revolver.

"Hold up your hands!"

"Er—I am agent here," stammered Graham.

"Oh, we know that. You keep yer mouth shut. We'll do the rest."

"I won't submit to robbery, if that is what you mean," said Graham.

"Robbery, eh? Won't submit, eh? Well, young feller, ye don't look much like a fool. Under the circumstances I wouldn't advise ye to be one even if ye do know how. I've got two partners here, and the first yawp out of ye will mean a game o' shootin' big. Now, Jim."

Another fellow came in and went through Graham's pockets.

"Now, young feller," said the leader after Jim had deposited an express revolver on the table, "just tell us the combination to that safe."

"I refuse."

"What did I say about bein' a fool? Say, I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind. You'll either give us the combination or I'll put a hole through you. Now, one."

Graham was silent.

Jim was working at the safe. The third came in and grinned at the picture Graham made.

"Pretty boy," he said.

"Three."

Graham opened his mouth to speak.

"Ain't no use sayin' anything unless it's the combination."

"Aw, kill him. We can blow open the safe."

Graham knew that these men meant business. They would as soon take a life as eat. He could see his revolver lying where Jim had placed it.

If only he could divert the leader's attention while he grabbed his own revolver he would take a chance. Graham was desperate. He fixed his eyes on the door, nodding to some imaginary person behind the leader. The ban. it laughed.

"See that, Bill. He don't know how old that trick is. Young feller, that trick was old before you were born. Give us another."

"It is no trick!" shouted Graham. "I am not afraid of you, but don't let that bear in here."

He looked frightened. The man's face looked. As soon as it moved two steps forward.

"Are you goin' to open that safe?"

"I tell you to shoot him," said he. "He's tried to fool us twice. No bear outside."

Graham could see the desperate, frowning blacker. He knew that after he had opened the safe for them they would shoot him to prevent identification. It had been done many times before.

He resolved to sell his life fighting rather than yielding. He suddenly darted toward his revolver, but the leader was too quick. He had been expecting that. The revolver was simply a lure. He fired, and Graham fell with a bullet in his side.

"Now, hang you, if you want a show for your life give us the combination."

Graham was gasping. He was waiting for the next shot that would kill him.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack—the smashing of glass—another—and another. The leader was down, with a bullet in his heart, shot through the back. Jim lay writhing near the safe. Bill had pitched forward and was grasping the side for support. Then an apparition appeared at the door.

A bit of a girl stood there, her face white, a rifle in her hands. She was so small she looked like a child. Graham saw her.

"You—you, Miss Delaine—at half past 1? How—how"—

She calmly gazed at the result of her fighting work.

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid and came here to sleep. After you left"—she was examining his wound while she spoke—"Charley Jones came over on horseback and said Mr. Jones' brother was dying. I was out in the orchard, and they could not find me and thought probably I was with you. I returned to the house and could not get in. I had left my key in the house. I managed to get a window open and went in that way, but I was afraid to go to sleep. I could sit up without fear, because I always feel safe with my rifle. But I was dead tired after the dance last night, and I wanted to sleep. I thought I'd risk the talk and come here. It was nearest. I heard the shot and knew you were in trouble. I ran and got here just in time. Can you run the sender?"

"I guess so," he said feebly.

"Wire to offer this express to stop here." She even knew the stations.

Graham dragged himself to the table, got his call and clicked off the message.

At 2 the express came rousing and rumbling in.

"What the mischief's the row here?" bawled a heavy voice, and a powerful man in a silk hat and black frock coat stood with mouth agape while a fraction of what would make a fair sized girl slid, unconscious, to the floor.

"Nan, my girl, here?" said the big man. "Here, tell Hawkins to come here." Hawkins was Mr. Delaine's private secretary and an operator.

"Hawkins, get Burns and stay here till relieved by a new man. This man won't come back. He'll either go to jail or the head of a division. Get Nan into the stateroom. Get a doctor. There must be one on the train. Get a woman to take care of Nan. Take this man—his name is Graham—into the coach. Guard that safe as well as I think Graham has. There is a pack of money in there. Evans said he feared a holdup, and I sent the money yesterday with orders for Graham to stay all night. But what I don't understand is what—what Nan—at this time of night"—

It was not many hours before the whole story was told.

"Well," said Mr. Delaine, "you have told a good story, but I know a better one. I'll tell it when I see the result of Graham's injuries."

"Yes, I know one as good as yours, but it won't be time to tell it until yours is told. And, papa, won't you be surprised?"

"Um—not a lot," said the president.

* * * * * * * *

The other two stories were told. Graham is now second vice president, which was Delaine's story, and Nan is his wife, which was Nan's. Now Miss Jones goes to see Mrs. Graham and travels in a private Pullman with the second vice presidential guardianship for her safety.

Plowing With Oxen.

There can be little doubt that the ox was the earliest beast employed for the plow. A white bull and a white cow were yoked together to draw the furrow encircling the walls of Rome. Greeks and Romans employed oxen in plowing; asses only for sandy soils. When the plowman had finished his day's labor he turned the instrument upside down, and the oxen went home dragging its tail and handle over the surface of the ground, a scene described by Horace.

The yoking together of ox and ass was expressly forbidden by the law of Moses and is made the ground of a ludicrous comparison by Plautus. Ulysses, when he feigned madness in order to avoid going on the Trojan expedition, plowed with an ox and a horse together.

The North Star.

The north star is exactly in line with the poles of the earth—that is to say, the imaginary circle of the earth, which in revolving keeps its position with reference to us does not change by the revolution of the earth upon its axis. For reason its position does not seem to change by the annual revolution of the earth around the sun is that it is many billions of miles away that the difference in direction from different points of the earth's orbit is imperceptible.

Division of Profits.

Litigant—You take nine-tenths of the fat profits? Outrageous! Lawyer—I furnished all the skill and eloquence and legal learning for your cause. Litigant—But I furnished the cause. Lawyer—Oh, anybody could do that!

A Reflection.

Mother—Well, what is it? Tommy—How lucky pumpkins are ain't made like doughnuts, with a hole in the middle!—Harper's Bazar.

The wise are instructed by reason, ordinary minds by experience, the stupid by necessity and brutes by instinct. —Cicero.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

A Charming Visit, Which Somewhat Terrified the Donax.

Detained at the Siberian village of Krivochokovo, Alexander Legras remembered that he had a letter to a notable of the place and hastened to present it. M. Gautier in his book on Russia describes in M. Legras' own words the cordial hospitality with which he was received and also tells of the difficulty which concluded his charming visit.

"They had detained me till 10 o'clock in the evening," he writes, "by repeating, 'Why are you in a hurry?' and I was on the point of making my departure when I heard the mistress of the house say in a low voice to her husband, 'Shall I send for the carriage?' To which he replied, 'No.' At this word a shiver passed over me. Doubtless this host, who had made me send away the coachman, was unaware of what his refusal meant, else he would have said to me, 'Here is a sofa; sleep here.'

"My situation was perilous, but what could I do? At the end of a few moments I rose to take my leave, and, having asked if I could get a cab, was met with the reply that at this hour none could be obtained.

"Krivochokovo is a village whose population constitutes the very flotsam and jetsam of Siberian civilization. The village has neither streets nor lights nor police. It is considered a cutthroat spot, where honest people shut themselves tight at night.

"I had neither stick nor revolver, and I had on me a large sum of money. Finally, I was ignorant of the exact position of my inn, situated over a mile away. First of all, dogs threw themselves upon me. I shook them off and started as best I could.

"The night was inky black. Amid the irregular clusters of houses there was no regular street by which to guide myself. As I hesitated I heard a 'Who is that?' It was a watchman of a pile of wood who hailed me. He directed me, and, giving me a large branch that would do as a stick, he said: 'You are wrong, barine, to go about this way without a revolver. The place is not safe. May God protect you!'

"As I approached another cluster of houses a watchman sounded his rattle unceasingly, and dogs flew at me savagely. When this watchman approached I induced him to accompany me. He informed me that the evening before a traveler who was staying at my hotel, having started early to catch a train, had been assassinated about ten paces from there. Finally we reached the inn. It took a long time to make them open the door, but I finally got inside and reached my room, trembling with fever and fatigue, and fell down helplessly, only conscious of having passed an hour and a half whose remembrance will remain with me long. As for my so unkindly host, whose hospitality might have cost me my life, he will doubtless never know of this adventure."

SIMON MAGUS.

The Legend From Which Was Born the Story of Faust.

Almost every renowned man of antiquity in the middle ages was believed to be attended by a spiritus familiaris and not a few were suspected of being in direct league with the devil. Probably the oldest legend of which the Faust legend is a continuous thread is that of Simon Magus, mentioned in the history of the apostles.

According to Justin, he was a native of Gitton, a village in Samaria. He was, no doubt, a man of great intellectual powers. He was the father of the school of the Gnostics. It is also reported of him that he could make himself invisible, that he could pass through flames unharmed, could transpose matter, make gold and exercise demons—in fact, he laid claim to all those powers, and his name lived in the minds of the people as a sort of demigod through many centuries until some other miracle working personality took his place at the popular fireside. Unusual accomplishments, great erudition, were attributed to the supernatural influence and the general disposition to superstitious assumption was strengthened on the one hand by dogmatic affirmation on the part of the church of the existence of a personal Satan, with his numerous household, and, on the other hand, by incorporating the magic arts among the practical sciences, of which astrology and alchemy occupied no mean part.

BIRD JOURNEYS.

Small Animals Often Travel on the Backs of Large Ones.

It has often been asked how small and weak birds manage to fly such enormous distances when migrating. As a rule, however, small birds that have come very far across the sea have not flown, but have been blown over during violent gales, and many of them arrive on land in a half dead condition.

In fair weather small birds make long journeys successfully over considerable tracts of ocean, but the reason is that they are carried on the backs of the larger ones. When passing an autumn in Crete a writer asserts that he distinctly heard the twittering of small birds when flocks of small cranes were passing overhead on their way to southern shores. On another occasion, when firing a gun, he saw three small birds rise from the flock and disappear again among the cranes. A native priest assured him that they came over from Europe with them, while it has been found that small birds, never before seen in certain parts, have been brought thither at times of migration.

Another cause is that small birds do not make their journeys in one flight. They generally rest during the day, searching for food, and thus proceed to their destination by easy stages.

Her Version of It.

"But didn't you promise when we were married that I should smoke in the house whenever I pleased?"

"Yes, but you never please by smoking in the house. You displease—me."

THE PEARL WORKERS.

A Bethlehem Industry Which Is Five Hundred Years Old.

The chief industry of Bethlehem of Judea is the cutting of mother-of-pearl workers.

The shells are brought from the Red sea and in the hands of native artisans are polished and carved, the larger into elaborate designs. The smaller are cut up for rosaries and crosses. The work is all done by hand, and the methods are amazingly primitive to a spectator from the home of steam and electric power. But the results are extraordinary. The largest shell we saw was carved in scenes from the birth of Christ, the agony in the garden and the crucifixion, and had the general effect of delicate frostwork. Under the magnifying glass every detail was seen to be perfect in outline and in finish. It was executed to order for a wealthy American and was to cost $150.

About 150 people make a living by this industry, which is 500 years old. In the shops the workmen sit upon the floor, their benches in front of them. The air is full of whitish dust, and the light admitted by the single window and the open door is so dim that the exquisite tracery of the wrought shells is a mystery even before the visitor notes how few, simple and crude are the instruments employed.—Marion Harland in Lippincott's.

THE CALM BAD MAN.

He Is More Dangerous Than the One Who Blusters.

The bad man of genuine sort rarely looked the part assigned to him in the popular imagination. The long haired, blustering, adorned with a dialect that never was spoken, serves very well in eastern fiction about the west, but that is not the real thing. The most dangerous man was apt to be quiet and smooth spoken. When an antagonist blustered and threatened, the most dangerous bad man only felt rising in his own soul, keen and stern, that strange exaltation which often comes with combat for the man naturally brave. A western officer of established reputation once said to me while speaking of a personal difficulty into which he had been forced: "I hadn't been in anything of that sort for years, and I wished I was out of it. Then I said to myself, 'Is it true that you are getting old and have lost your nerve?' Then all at once the old feeling came over me, and I was just like I used to be. I felt calm and happy, and I laughed after that. I jerked my gun and shoved it into its stomach. He put up his hands and apologized, 'I will give you a hundred dollars more' he said, 'if you will tell me where you got that gun.' I suppose I was a trifle quick for him."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P.

9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P.

11:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P.

2:25 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Buffalo B R & P.

4:10 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and Duffols via B R & P.

9:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.

10:25 a m from Duffols.

12:25 p m from Buffalo and Kane.

4:25 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.

5:35 p m from Bradford.

8:50 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

O. H. GLEASON, Agent

Blankets and Robes

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler
Smethport, Pa.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 190 October Term, 1905.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Johnson Mills did, on the 21th day of August, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with one Geo. ge Mills;

We therefore command you the said George Mills, that nothing noble all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Johnson Mills and show cause if any you have why the said Minnie Johnson Mills your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. G. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan 31, 1906.

E. E. Mayo, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 216, October Term, 1905.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Harry M. Camp did, on the 30th day of August, 1905, prefer his petition to our said judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Myrtle Camp.

We therefore command you, the said Myrtle Camp, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Harry M. Camp and show cause, if any you have, why the said Harry M. Camp, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 31, 1906.

E. E. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

SPECIAL CUT PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

E-7-06

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Ask a Woman

what she thinks the plumbing. Her keen discernment will surprise you. She will point out defects most men wouldn't see. That's why its wise to have women consulted about

The Entire Plumbing of a Home

As to our plumbing work we invite the keenest scrutiny. Its plumbing to stay. Get us and it will be as a woman likes it.

ELGAR W. STRONG,

BATH PINES. RUBIN B. O'K. Smethport

J. ODESSER

Highest Prices Paid. For

IRON, COPPER, OLD RAGS, OLD RUBBER BRASS, METAL JUNK of all kinds.

Have moved into the Stickles' Building, two doors east of my old stand. I have no partner but carry a full and complete line of

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, TINWARE, Etc.

Will be pleased to see all my old and many new customers.

J. ODESSER

EAST SMETHPORT PA.

Professional Cards.

Stanton & Mitchell,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

H. L. Barnett,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin, John Forrest
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton, and Clearfield.

A. E. Mayo, Notary Public
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1906. Office No. 157 Main street, Bradford, Pa. 9-

Physician.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. Mayo,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrand, M. D. C. M.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Leimmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benjamin,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 37 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence, one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Gilbert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Our hotel has recently been refitted, refurnished. The table is constantly supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
ROYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop'r
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYCK HOUSE,
CLIMAX, N. Y.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
ROYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Just Received!
The Finest and most complete line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio
O. H. GLEASON.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, occupation farmers, present residence, Keating Township, McKean County, Pa., for a transfer of hotel license granted to B. F. Wright, on May 8th, 1905, for the sale of spirituous, vinous, malt and brewed liquors, by retail, in quantities not exceeding one quart, at the Wright House, situate, on the south side of Main street, corner of Mechanic street, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., will be heard by the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, at his Chambers, in the Court House, at Smethport, Pa., on the 5th day of February, 1906, at 9 o'clock a. m.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys for Applicants.